JOHN BULL
TWOPENCE

WAKE UP & SMILE AT YOUR ALARM CLOCK

People who have to get up early can ACTUALLY ENJOY IT!

Do you get up before 7.30? Then you know all about that heavy, dopey, don't-want-to-get-up feeling. It's not good or natural to start the day like that — *and there's no need.*

Your body actually asks for energy during sleep — which explains why it's bad to go to bed on an empty stomach — and to supply that energy you must have a satisfying meal at supper-time. That's why thousands of early risers drink Bournville Cocoa at supper-time. With Bournville even a light meal satisfies you, because *cocoa makes every meal go farther.*

So make a move there, sleepy head — join the early birds who are wily birds. Take Bournville Cocoa at supper-time. *Because cocoa makes every meal go further,* makes your supper satisfying enough to help you right through the night in fact, so you'll get up with the lark *and like it!*

Get up with the lark and like it. It's easy when you take Bournville Cocoa at supper-time.

George is up on the wrong side of 6.0 every morning. But he gets out of bed the 'right side.' Because George never misses his supper-time cocoa.

They have to be early birds, but they're wily birds too. So they're drinking Bournville Cocoa for supper.

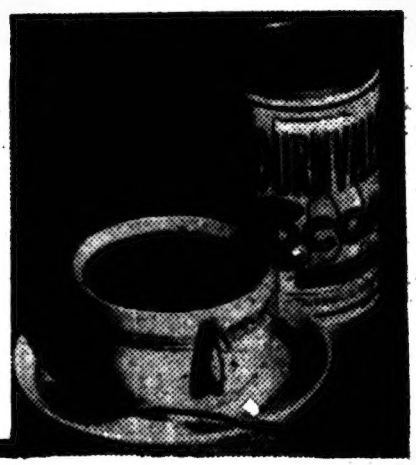
GADBURYS

Bournville Cocoa

6d a ¼lb — 11d a ½lb

A CUP OF COCOA IS A CUP OF FOOD

That's why 'cocoa makes every meal go further'



FOR ONLY. NEW CONSIGNMENT OF SPECIALLY-SELECTED

NAVY SERGE SUITS 12/6

Part Post 6d.

NOTHING MORE TO PAY.

These 200 garments are the pick of a new consignment of Leather Trousers Suits, which have only been very slightly worn, and are in very excellent condition. Made of finest quality Navy Blue Serge, smart and very hard-wearing. Suitable for every function. Splendidly tailored and lined. **REMARKABLE VALUE FOR SUNDAYS.** Sizes 32 to 42 in. (chest). 28 to 40 in. (Trousers). Usual 17/6 lengths. All buttons removed. Only really first-class suits sent out. Guaranteed and 12/6 to produce under contract. Don't hesitate—order to-day with every confidence. Cash back if in any way dissatisfied.

J. WHITEFIELD REID & Co., 20, Kirby St., London, E.C.1

3½ BILLIARD TABLES FREE *

You can win one. Write for details and Prize List.

Riley "Home" Billiard Table resting on ordinary table.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., ARDEN WORKS, ACCRINGTON, or Dept. JB, 107, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

SOUTH WESTERN GARAGES

IN DEAL OR CEDARWOOD from 5½ down

SECTIONAL TYPE WELDED and WALLED, PAIR, or LOCKUP

OTHER MODELS FROM					
ft.	W.	Cash	Dep.	12 Fts.	Send for your copy of 1938 Art Catalogue FREE 2 n.d post free
5	6	77/6	15/-	7/-	
6	6	77/6	15/-	7/-	
6	7	£12/6	7/-	10/2	
12	8	£19/6	8/-	12/6	
14	8	£25/6	10/-	14/9	

SOUTH-WESTERN APPLIANCE CO., LTD Dept. S., Sopers Road, Cuffley, S.W.A. Tel. 1139

THE LATEST Ladies' and Gents' Suits, Coats, Costumes, Dresses, Skirts, Blouses, Knitwear, Underwear, Hosiery, Footwear, Millinery, Furs, Jewellery, Fancy Goods, Household Goods, Linens, Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Blankets, Quilts, Eiderdowns, Cutlery, Electrical Goods, Toys, Sports Goods, Cycles, Gramophones, Records, Pianos, Radios, Cameras, Binoculars, Watches, Clocks, Leather Goods, Trunks, Cases, Travel Goods, Perambulators, Prams, Cots, Baby Linen, Baby Wear, Baby Carriages, Baby Accessories, Etc., Etc.

S. A WEEK

Send Money Handed Wedding Cloth, Costume, Coat, Dress, Jacket with Tweed, Tweed Skirt, Costume Length, Jacket & Pair Trousers, Fur Coat, Fur Jacket, Fur Stole, Fur Cape, Fur Scarf, Fur Muff, Fur Trimming, Fur Collar, Fur Cuffs, Fur Hat, Fur Toque, Fur Beret, Fur Tam, Dress Length, Dress Piece, Blouse Piece, Skirt Piece, Jumper Piece, Jumper Suit, Jumper Dress, Knitted Costume, Knitted Dress, Knitted Jumper, Knitted Cardigan, Knitted Twin Set, Knitted Skirt, Knitted Hose, Knitted Gloves, Knitted Scarf, Knitted Hat, Knitted Beret, Knitted Tam, Knitted Mittens, Knitted Bonnet, Knitted Shawl, Knitted Bootees, Knitted Leggings, Knitted Vest, Knitted Pants, Knitted Combinations, Knitted Pyjamas, Knitted Dressing Gown, Knitted Bedjacket, Knitted Cot Cover, Knitted Pram Set, Knitted Pram Rug, Knitted Shoes, Knitted Boots, Knitted Slippers, Knitted Sandals, Knitted Bathing Costume, Knitted Bathing Trunks, Knitted Bathing Cap, Knitted Bathing Shoes, Knitted Bathing Wrap, Knitted Bathing Suit, Knitted Bathing Dress, Knitted Bathing Skirt, Knitted Bathing Jacket, Knitted Bathing Trousers

CARPET BARGAINS

9/11

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- ex., we will forward direct from our looms one of our Famous 9' Remnants of REAL SEAMLESS WOOL CARPET. Suitable for Dowries, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Brown, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Ring to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 doormats for 20/-. Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

Illust. Bargain Catalogue post free.

F. HODSON & SONS (J.B.), Weekley Road, Leeds.

OILSKIN LEGGINGS & SOU-WESTER GIVEN FREE

WITH THIS FINE-QUALITY

STORM CAPE

A Bargain for Cyclists!!! Full-size Cape, best quality Oilskin, thoroughly oil-proofed and GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF. Non-sticking. Fitted handlebar tapes. Seams waterproofed and double sewn.

Sold or Stock 5/- Post 6d. or C.O.D.

GIVEN FREE OF ALL CHARGE.—A pair of 30in. Leggings and sou-wester to complete set. Cannot be repeated.

ALL BRAND NEW, PERFECT GOODS. MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT DELIGHTED.

Mark envelope A. J. R. Co. Liquidation Stock.

J. WHITEFIELD REID & CO., 98, Kirby Street, London, E.C.1.

17/6

(1) (2) (3) (4)

1. Easy Chair
2. Lounge Chair
3. Full-length Bed
4. Fireside Seat

FOUR-WAY BED-CHAIR

6gin. long when extended, 23in. wide. Solid oak, 3 velvet cord cushions any colour; turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Cat. J. Cash or 1/- weekly. Carr. & Pack., E. & W., 2/6.

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD.
52, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

A REGULAR INCOME ASSURED!

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT IT!

LIKE you, I wanted something which would bring me in a pound or two extra every week—something to take up in spare time, and one day I spotted the advertisement of SEALON TEA CO., calling for Agents. The whole thing seemed so attractive that I started soon after getting the FREE particulars. Well do I remember my first day's work. I wasn't out for selling anything, but here I had something good to offer—honest value in TEAS. Everybody wants that! Soon my spare-time work took up the whole of the day, and since then I have never looked back.

MY WEEKLY EARNINGS ARE NOW ASSURED.

Now, just you think. Everybody drinks tea, and every housewife, too, wants to save money. Once you gain a customer you have a regular order week by week. For smallest possible outlay you can start your own business! You canvass where you like, work when you like, making good money all the time.

Do as many others have already done, and get into the money-making Tea business—there's big scope everywhere, and the famous SEALON TEAS have the reputation of being the teas that GIVE REAL SATISFACTION. Good class printed leaflets (in colour) with your name and address are supplied. LET US SEND YOU CONVINCING PROOF AND PARTICULARS OF HOW TO MAKE MONEY AS OTHER AGENTS ARE DOING.

WRITE NOW FOR FULL DETAILS OF BRITAIN'S LEADING TEA AGENCY OFFER TO

THE SEALON TEA COMPANY
(Dept. J.B.), MITCHAM, SURREY.

Just a ½d for a stamp

but it can mean at least £2 to you!

Simply fill in your name and address on the Coupon below and post it in an unsealed envelope with a ½d. stamp affixed for full particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs—it can mean from £2 up to £5 and more to you. "Worldwide" Clubs are a happy opportunity for you to earn in a few minutes of your spare time each week a good Commission and Profit share, and YOU ALSO BENEFIT YOUR FRIENDS—they buy direct from the Warehouse on the very simple terms of 1/- weekly and at Warehouse prices, saving them up to 5/- and more in the £.

Don't miss this opportunity which many thousands enjoy—add to your income with the friendliest hobby in the world. Easy, pleasant and profitable—no samples to carry or selling to do, no experience or capital required.

POST THE COUPON TO-DAY FOR FULL PARTICULARS! Illustrated Bargain Catalogue free—Boots and Shoes, Ladies' and Men's Wear, Fashions, Furniture, Crockery and Household Goods of every description at 1/- weekly and Warehouse prices.

Associated Warehouses
J. D. Williams & Co. Ltd. of Manchester. Established 1875.

Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses,
Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

To Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses, Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me free and without any obligation your Bargain Catalogue and Booklet, "Here's Extra Money for You," showing how I can make from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

NAME M (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. 138. Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.

WANTED

ONE HUNDRED PERSONS (EITHER SEX) WHO ARE READY TO EARN A HANDFUL OF £1 NOTES BY SPARE TIME WORK BETWEEN NOW AND XMAS.

A handful of £1 notes by Christmas to spend on little luxuries for yourself, on some things you have been wanting, or on presents for others—**you can have a handful!**

Send a postcard to us asking for our Private Christmas Card Sample Book, and we will send you the book and full particulars, free of charge. You are not asked for any deposit nor to outlay any of your own money. Our Sample Book contains by far the finest selection of private Christmas Greeting Cards, abounding in Novelties, amazing variety, remarkable Calendars of Imitation Oil Paintings, Animal Studies, beautiful pictures in Bromide, Coloured Scenes and Flower Subjects, dainty Notepapers, Bookmarks, etc. A masterpiece of the choicest and best. Your friends and acquaintances will be delighted to buy these from you, there is something for everybody's taste and needs, one pleasing one person and another pleasing someone else. We pay you handsomely and there are valuable prizes in addition. Apply at once and be the first to start.

J. RENSHAW & SONS, Ltd. (Dept. R. 153), Climax Works, Accrington.

AT LAST THE HOSE WITH THE 30 DAY GUARANTEE

2/6 PAIR

2 PAIRS 4/9 POST FREE

PURE SILK Plaited on Rayon. An ELEGANT and HARD WEARING STOCKING for all occasions. LATEST SHADES of ANGELUS, RUSTY, ARAB, COPPERTINT, INCATAN, GREY and GUNMETAL.

Sizes: 8½, 9, 9½ and 10.

Obtainable ONLY from:

LEICESTER HOUSE, LTD., 8, Bridge Street, WALSALL, STAFFS.

Portable BUILDING CONSTRUCTION
REVOLUTIONISED!

2/- DOWN

WONDERFUL NEW EVERLASTING WOOD

Write at once for Free Catalogue of these amazing buildings: Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., in beautiful Red Cedar, the everlasting wood which will not decay, warp or shrink. Needs no painting or preservative! Prices from 27/6. EASY TERMS. Free Delivery —all sizes. Send NOW to The Cedar Specialists,

R. H. HALL & CO. (Kent), Ltd. (65T) Paddock Wood, KENT.

POLICE BLUE SERGE

GUARANTEED NEVER TO WEAR OUT!

2/11

It won't wear, tear or fray! Frankly, we do not guarantee everlasting wear, but we do claim that these heavyweight 'Police' BLUE UNI-SERGE TROUSERS are world's finest value for working and feeding a garment for real hard wear. Guaranteed Brand New. Smart gentleman's cut, side pockets, lined linings, reinforced taped back seam to prevent splitting. Unbreakable buttons. Send S/S, nothing more to pay, stating waist and inside leg measurements. 32 to 40, 2/11; 42 to 44, 3/6 extra.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. T.J.B.3), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

GENUINE LONDON TROLLEY BUS DRIVERS'

OVERCOATS 14/6

An absolute bargain which we are privileged to make to "John Bull" Readers. Genuine London Trolley Bus Drivers' Overcoats, only very slightly worn. Made from heavy Navy Melton cloth, full double wool-lined. Each garment comes direct from official source, and has been thoroughly cleaned and pressed, and will give at least 4 years real hard service under most exacting conditions. Leather cuffs and under-sleeves. Leather-bound pockets. Half-belt. Large double storm collar and lapels for 100 per cent. protection. All sizes 34in. to 50in. Chest. State height and chest when ordering. Actually cost 30/- each to produce under contract. Only a small quantity which we have been authorised to sell. Immediate ordering advisable. Money back if dissatisfied.

Post 1/- extra

J. WHITEFIELD REID & CO., 98, Kirby Street, London, E.C.1

Great Offer of Gents
THREE-ZIP PULLOVERS

3/11½ POST 8d.

EXTRA FINE FINISH ZIP FRONT Pockets with ZIP FASTENERS. Collar, rolled or upright, windproof and warm, most serviceable for winter months. EVERY GARMENT PERFECT.

ASTOUNDING VALUE. In Navy, Brown, Grey, Bottle Green, Wine. Men's Size 3/11½. Extra Qual. & Patts. 4/11½ (Post 6d.). Money back if dissatisfied. GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE.

GENUINE 6/11 VALUE for 3/11½

Suitable for BIKING, CYCLING, BOXING, GENERAL WEAR, etc. SEND NOW for this WONDERFUL BARGAIN (state colours), asking for List of other amazing offers.

ESSENTIAL SUPPLIES CO., (Dept. J.B.1) 11, Goring St., London, E.C.3

NO LADY SHOULD BE WITHOUT THIS FASHIONABLE CARDIGAN

MATRON FIGURES

4/11

If you want a Smart Garment, this delightfully made Cardigan will appeal to you. Soft in texture, it is beautifully woven and gives unusual warmth. Prettily figured in white ART. SILK. You can choose either from Brown/White, Black/White or Navy/White.

DEFINITELY REDUCED FROM 7/6

Send 4/11 and 4d. Post. Every Garment gntd. and sent by return. Carefully packed. Money refunded if dissatisfied. (State colour when ordering) from

A. MITCHELL (Dept. J.B.), 30, Clifton Road, Southport, LANCS.

Positively the Greatest Bargain ever offered to the
DEAF

"Size of a Sixpence Earphone" (no battery) offered this week for 25/-. Previously sold at £7-7-0. The greatest little deaf-aid ever designed. No Batteries—No Wires—No Other Parts—No Renewals—Absolutely Invisible. Amazing Power. Never before has such a bargain been offered to the Deaf.

This Week 25/- only
Previously £7-7-0

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. Hill, Ltd., Dept. Q., 245, Oxford St., London, W.1 (over Oxford Circus Tube Stn.). Hours 10 to 6 Saturday 1 to 1. *Supplied under National Health Benefit.*

PIANO ACCORDIONS

1/-

Benelli, Steidani, Vissimio, Pancotti, Hohner, Crucianelli.

£4.4.0 value for 42/-

Piano Finished Cabinet. "Steidani" Metal bound Bellows, triple Chord Action. Complete with shoulder-strap, 21 Piano Keys, 8 Bosses. Cash price 42/-, or 2/- first instalment, balance 4/- monthly until 42/- is paid. Elaborate Tutor. Also Superior De Luxe Model at 52/6, same terms. List of models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 46 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass, on terms.—J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.45), 94/104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

WOOLLEN SUNRAY PLEATED SKIRTS

Clearance Price 2/11

POST & PKG. 7d.

750 only. Navy blue woollen Sunray pleated skirts—Fashion's latest decree. Made of hard wearing medium weight material. Genuine tailor-made garments of exceptionally smart appearance, these skirts are the surplus balance of a large order executed for the West End and are available in sizes S.W. and W. Clearance price only 2/11, post and packing 7d. G.H.1/- extra. W.X 6d. extra. Also obtainable in brown, green, black, red and wine. Take immediate advantage of this exceptional bargain offer by sending P.O. 3/6 at once to

MAIL PRODUCTIONS
(Dept. J.B.S.S.4), 91, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.
Phone: TEM. 6589

NAILBITING

STOP IT!

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!

Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently free yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No sloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: *'Your treatment is miraculous, I am completely cured after being addicted for 20 years.'* Scores of similar genuine testimonials from all over the world. Write for free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

FILTEX LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

THESE TWO SUPERB OVEN-GLASS PIE-DISHES FOR EVERY READER OF "JOHN BULL"

GUARANTEED GENUINE ALL-BRITISH "PHOENIX" GLASS OVENWARE

HERE is the most thrilling, practical and fascinating gift ever made to women by any journal! To celebrate its lightning progress, "WOMAN"—holder of the world's largest net sale of any woman's publication at its price—makes a marvellous Double Gift of unparalleled generosity to every reader of "John Bull"—something beautiful, endlessly useful, indispensable to every home—A GIFT OF TWO SUPERB PIE-DISHES made of genuine ALL-BRITISH "PHOENIX" GLASS OVENWARE—FREE FOR YOU if you act AT ONCE! To introduce this miracle-value colour-illustrated weekly that is already delighting women everywhere, "WOMAN" to-day invites you—if you are NOT already a reader—to secure this wonderful Gift of TWO SUPERB, GUARANTEED, GENUINE "PHOENIX" GLASS OVENWARE PIE-DISHES—the gift sensation of a lifetime!!

THE MOST AMAZING GIFT EVER MADE TO WOMEN!

★ **Entirely NEW and perfect in design, these gleaming GLASS OVENWARE PIE-DISHES are absolutely the last word in smart appearance, labour-saving convenience and cooking luxury. And—HERE'S THE THRILL!—you get not one but TWO of these superb dishes, a perfectly matched pair that will bring new joy to every meal you cook and serve.**

Handsome, exquisite—these two matched Oval Pie-Dishes have a flawless hygienic surface that is **crystal-clear and stays clear.** Each is made from genuine all-British "Phoenix" Ovenware Glass—a miracle of modern invention. These marvellous ultra-modern dishes add charm and luxury to any home. **Each piece is guaranteed for twelve months against oven-breakage through heat,** and is good for a LIFETIME of splendid service.

Think of the tasty, delicious meals you can prepare, using these delightful dishes. Not only can these dishes be used for all kinds of pies—but for milk and custard puddings, charlottes, vegetable dishes, macaroni and cheese—for fish, sweetbreads and kidneys, for no end of appetising savouries. And food will not only look better, but cook better in these superb heat-retaining dishes, because heat is distributed evenly, quickly, effectively. All the nutriment and flavour is kept in the food. **You serve from the dishes you cook in!**

These two dishes will do an amazing variety of work for you! And so easy to clean! No cracks or crevices to harbour food particles, dirt or grease. Cut down washing-up—no harsh rubbing—a little warm water and they're bright and shining in an instant.

In the ordinary way you would pay many shillings for two dishes like these in this exquisite high-class "Phoenix" ware. Realise NOW what this great Celebration means to YOU—and resolve to act AT ONCE!

All you are asked to do to secure these two beautiful Pie-Dishes is, as a new reader, to give "WOMAN" a fair trial—commencing with the issue now on sale! In return "Woman" will send you these superb Pie-Dishes **FREE!**

Imagine it! Two large-size genuine "Phoenix" Dishes—just what you've always wanted. To get such a gorgeous gift—**FREE**—is simply astounding!

It's possible only because we know that once you see this thrilling woman's journal, you'll want to continue as a regular reader.

The pages of "WOMAN" are crammed with fascinating reading lavishly illustrated in brilliant colours. Exciting, fascinating, enthralling—every big page is filled with wonderful fiction and new ideas on homemaking, beauty, health, dress, cooking, sport, travel, holidays. Almost unbelievable value for only twopence.

DO THIS NOW

First, complete the Reservation Form and Label below and post them at once. SEND NO MONEY WITH THESE FORMS. On receipt you will be sent your **Gift Voucher** entitling you to qualify for your two **Pie-Dishes**, which will be set aside ready for dispatch when your **Gift Voucher**, properly completed, is returned.

TO QUALIFY, you are, **as a new reader**, asked to return the **Gift Voucher**, accompanied by **sixteen Tokens** cut from consecutive issues of "**WOMAN.**" **Tokens** eligible are the **Series "P"** in the right-hand bottom corner inside the back cover of "**WOMAN.**" Applicants from this announcement may commence with No. "**P 2**" from the issue now on sale.

Together with your completed Voucher and Tokens you are also asked to send in the nominal sum of only **1/3** (one shilling and threepence) which includes insurance against breakage in transit, special packing in glassware container, and carriage right to your home, etc.

THAT IS ALL. There is nothing more to pay or do, except to see that your newsagent holds a written order for the regular supply of your copies of "**WOMAN.**" **NO PERSON MAY APPLY FOR MORE THAN ONE GIFT PAIR OF PIE-DISHES.**

URGENT **This offer is limited to the first 100,000 applicants, so be sure to send in your Reservation Form early—ALL APPLICATIONS WILL BE TREATED IN STRICT ROTATION. Do not delay—seize this amazing once-only opportunity AT ONCE! Post the FORMS BELOW NOW!**

POST THE FORMS BELOW AT ONCE

HAND THE FORM BELOW TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

IMPORTANT.—It is a condition of this scheme that your newsagent MUST hold a written order from you for the regular supply of copies of "WOMAN." Hand him the Form below TO-DAY.

B **"Woman"**

The Beloved Home Weekly. St. Every Thursday.

ORDER FORM

To.....
(Name of Newsagent)
.....
Address.....
.....
Please deliver or reserve a copy of "Woman" for me weekly until further notice.
Signature.....
Address.....
.....
Date.....
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

CUT HERE—Do not separate Reservation Form and Label.

A SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM

TWO "PHOENIX" OVENWARE PIE-DISHES FREE

Applications from this paper will be treated in strict rotation.

RESERVATION FORM

Address your envelope to "Woman" exactly as shown below, and post to
"WOMAN," PIE-DISH GIFT DEPT., J.B.,
3, ARNE STREET, LONDON, W.C.2. (Prof.).

This Form reserves your Two "Phoenix" Ovenware Pie-Dishes

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name my Two "Phoenix" Ovenware Pie-Dishes, and send me my official Gift Voucher on which to qualify. I undertake, AS A BONA-FIDE NEW READER, to give "Woman" a fair trial for sixteen weeks. I have placed an order with the under-mentioned Newsagent for the regular supply of copies of "Woman," and give his name and address for verification purposes.

New Reader's Signature.....
Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS — Full Postal Address.....
.....
Newsagent's Name.....
Address.....
Date.....

Leave Blank Verified.
.....
District Supervisor.

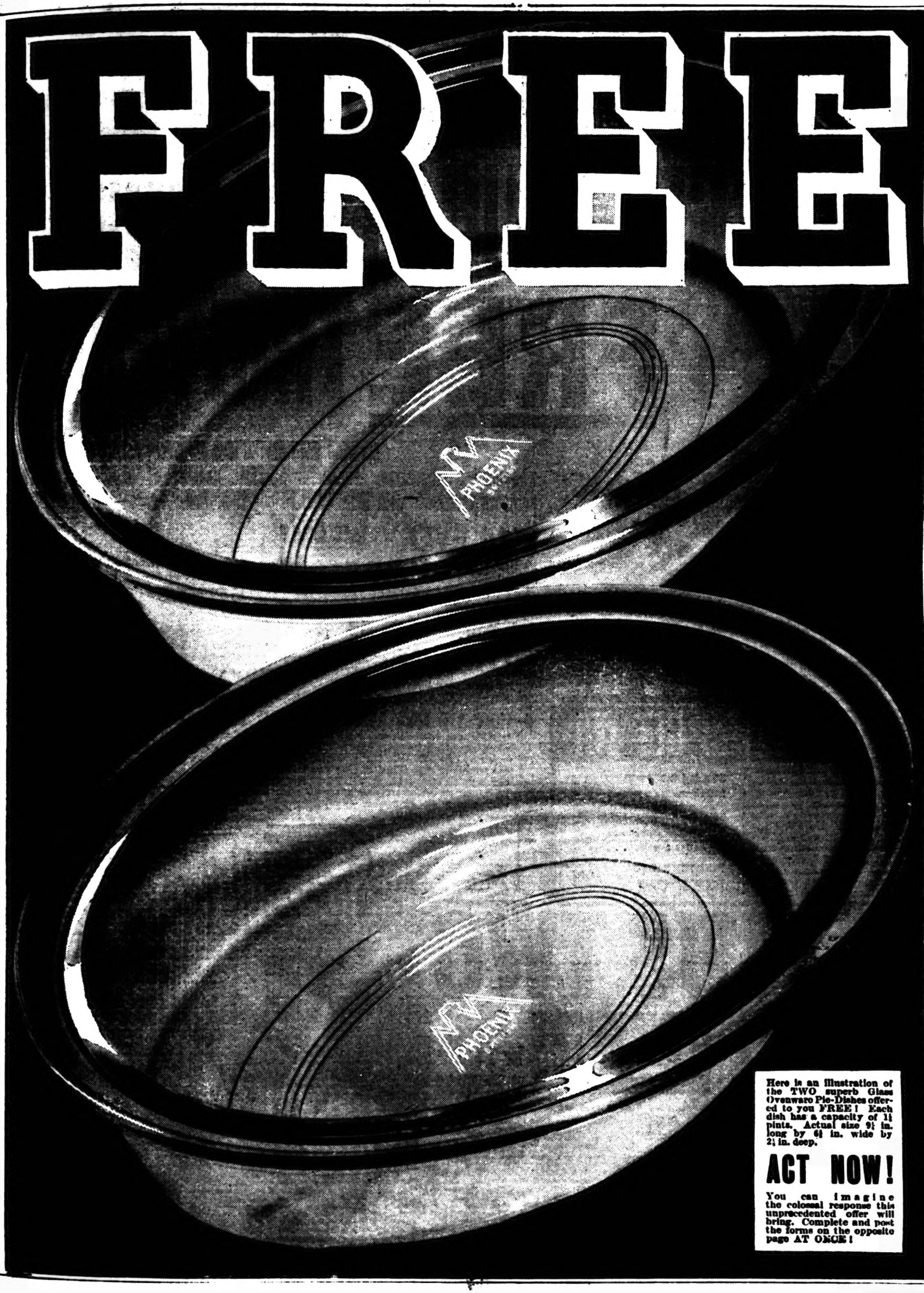
Last day for receipt of Reserv... this announcement Tuesday, October 11th.
This scheme applies only to persons ... Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. Applicants in Eire will be require... that may be levied. John Bull 1/10/38.

The Label on the right MUST bear a halfpenny stamp and be filled in with your name and FULL POSTAL ADDRESS written in BLOCK LETTERS. This Reservation Form and Label may be posted in unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp.

A Halfpenny Stamp MUST be affixed here by YOU.

NAME
.....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS
.....
.....
.....
.....
J.B.

FREE



Here is an illustration of the TWO superb Glass Ovenware Pie-Dishes offered to you FREE! Each dish has a capacity of 1¼ pints. Actual size 9¼ in. long by 6¼ in. wide by 2¼ in. deep.

ACT NOW!

You can imagine the colossal response this unprecedented offer will bring. Complete and post the forms on the opposite page AT ONCE!

FOOTBALL POOLS SENSATION!!!

GET YOUR STAKE MONEY FREE THIS YEAR!

Amazing CASH SAVING idea for every reader of this paper who smokes cigarettes. Wonderful NO-FRILL packing of popular cigarettes presents thousands with HARD CASH to pay their investments—to the tune of

2/1d EVERY WEEK! An extra TWO SHILLINGS and ONE PENNY—pressed into your palm every week—*free!*—to pay your football pool investments for you! Not a MAY-BE-WON prize but a WILL-BE-WON prize—yours for the asking—every week this winter! This is the biggest news in the history of the Pools—for EVERY Pools investor who is an average-heavy smoker!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO . . . Say you smoke 30 full-size cigarettes a day. (Most hard-working men do). You simply switch over to the new, full-size, mild, cool and refreshing PLUS TWO cigarettes, at 24 for 11½d.—as big and as good in every way as the best 'ten-for-sixpennies'*—and you will collect TWO shillings and ONE penny EXTRA cash, saved out of your cigarette money, at the end of *every* week.
Amazing—but it's TRUE—and no sensible man can ignore it. See for yourself HOW it works out—

★ **HOW WE CAN AFFORD TO DO IT:** Plus Two cigarettes are packed plainly, without expensive frills and wrappings. Thousands of smokers complained that 'you can't smoke wrappings.' Only because Godfrey Phillips have *cut out costly frills* in packing Plus Two's—and because they KNOW that a tremendous demand will be created—can they afford to give you 12 full-size standard cigarettes for the price of 10. When you open the big 11½d. packet, there are *four* extra full-size cigarettes waiting to be lit. Remember—only a *full-size* cigarette gives a *full-flavour* smoke.

SEE HOW YOU GET IT!

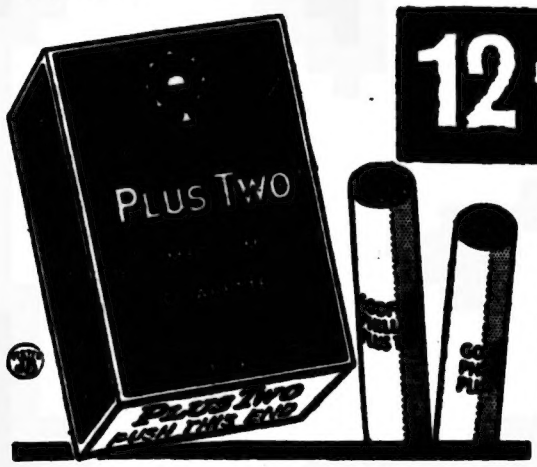
All this money saved on smoking—*without cutting down smoking!* Say you (or you and your wife together) smoke 30 full-size cigarettes a day—by switching to full-size PLUS TWO'S you save more than 2/- EVERY WEEK! Thousands of PLUS TWO SAVERS collect their money in a money box—or you could use an empty tin. See how the cash rolls in—

30 a day at 10 for 6d 210 cigarettes a week .	10/6
30 a day at 24 for 11½d, 12 for 6d, 6 for 3d 210 cigarettes a week . . .	8/5
PLUS TWO SAVING EVERY SATURDAY	2/1

FULL SIZE PLUS TWO

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD, LONDON, ENGLAND

12 for 6d **24 for 11½d** **6 for 3d**



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93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
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Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 1, 1938.

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Make Peace Worth its Price!

LET us cut through the fog of argument, and see where Britons really stand.

No one wants to see millions slaughtered again—particularly if it's only to rivet upon Europe another Treaty of Versailles.

Either Europe must produce rulers big enough to break the vicious cycle of injustice and vengeance—or Europe must go under.

Don't blame the democracies for offering a huge price for peace. Peace is worth a huge price!

Our Protection

During the post-war years the democracies had built up two great systems of security: the League of Nations and the French chain of alliances. These French alliances embraced Poland, the Little Entente: Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia—and, later, Russia.

British and French feebleness—over Manchuria and Abyssinia—destroyed the effectiveness of the League of Nations.

The same feebleness allowed Hitler to deal a crippling blow at the French alliances.

Start Again

Smaller nations—like Poland and Hungary—flirted at once with Germany.

Mussolini prepared a new swoop on Spain. America, disgusted, drew more snugly into her isolationist shell.

This surrender to force will be justified only if the democracies have learnt their lesson.

Start again! Rebuild the bulwarks against aggression. Reinvigorate the League of Nations. Be ready to work for our causes as firmly as the dictators work for theirs.

Let Law Rule

But don't resist all change. It was not the Sudeten demands that were unjust so much as the way in which they were put at the point of Germany's sword.

The League Covenant contains provision for the peaceful revision of treaties. This provision has never been used. And that's one reason why the League has so far failed.

Welcome proposals for just and peaceful change. But set ourselves firmly henceforth against injustice and violence!

Two-Edged Sword

Here's another world menace—war from the air!

Horrible to contemplate, certainly. But it will lose wars, not win them.

In two years Franco has rained bombs on Madrid, killing and mutilating the people he aspired to govern.

But Madrid's citizens are resisting more fiercely than ever. Franco, in trying to break their will, has strengthened it.

Rent Racket

Black Thursday! It's come this week—the day rent decontrol begins.

Britain's workers are still without enough houses. Rents of existing houses still often too high. Landlords already reap where they have not sown.

Give them all a chance in life—whatever their parents' means!

Now they've a chance to reap still more. This week the owners of thousands of hitherto "controlled" houses become free to charge what rent they like.

A dark week for tenants; and a black mark against the Government, whose recent Act is the cause.

Your Turn Coming

Chiefly affected now: "Black-coats," higher-paid artisans, and working people living two or more families in a house. But everyone's turn will come within the next few years.

Protest now! See that this vicious Act is shelved—better still, repealed.

The Government stands twice condemned; neither building enough houses at low rents or keeping down the rents of present dwellings.

Sweep Away Slums

But justice to small rentpayers need not mean injustice to small owners. Sweep away slums! Refuse compensation to worthless property! John Bull is all for that.

But remember that tucked away in blocks of slums are many small properties into which the owners may have put all their savings, and which they have struggled through thick and thin to keep in good condition.

Rough Justice

Give these small owners their due! Allow them fair compensation!

To condemn whole areas as worthless is rough justice indeed. And it's roughest on those who most deserve justice.

The question of compensation for well-maintained property in condemned slum areas will be raised at the Conservative Conference next week at Newcastle. We're glad.

Genteel affairs usually these Conservative Conferences. They don't lay down Party policy; they merely "advise" their leaders. Mr. Chamberlain needn't accept their counsel if he thinks it inconvenient.

Power is Theirs

Stage management is generally so good that no embarrassing advice is tendered. But when delegates care—or dare—to assert themselves, their voice carries weight.

John Bull has little sympathy with the big land-owning interests who pull so many of the wires that control the Conservative Party. But we welcome any move to remedy injustice or alleviate distress.

What About Cotton!

We have long been fighting for the small house-owner. If the Conservative Conference supports us, so much the better.

Cotton in Newcastle! Ministers will also be asked at the Conference to help Lancashire's export trade. That's another of John Bull's causes.

Months ago we also urged the Government to speed up the Bill to reorganise the whole cotton industry. But Lancashire's still waiting. The Conference might take that up, too!

Watch Prices!

A.R.P. to protect our people's lives. But conserve, too, the means of life. Safeguard our food supplies! A control scheme, we're told, is now ready.

Much talk of rationing, of emergency transport, of other special distribution arrangements. Yes, much about *food* control. But little about *price* control.

Open the Doors!

Many elementary schoolchildren cannot compete for secondary school scholarships because their parents could not afford to keep them beyond the ordinary school age.

Many of those who win scholarships are barred from the learned professions by high premiums, or cramped in business by lack of influence.

Build an educational system in which everyone gets a chance to rise to the top, whatever his parents' means! Throw open the learned professions to merit alone! Break down the nepotism which hampers so many British businesses!

Night Universities

Autumn days are here! Nature's leaves fall. But the tree of knowledge blooms afresh. Evening class time! Two hundred and fifty institutes—teaching four hundred subjects—have begun this week in London alone.

Education in a broad sense starts in the cradle and lasts as long as life. In the narrower sense of schooling, education is most valuable when taken young. Yet often most valued by those who have had to acquire it later.

Evening classes give a better chance to those who liked school; a second chance to those who didn't.

Boredom in Suburbs

Professor John Hilton thinks evening classes would cure the "boredom" of suburban wives. But he grieves that those who sell make-up seem to push their wares more successfully than those who sell education.

John Bull will educate the Professor.

We think that people do things because they like doing them, and not because someone says it's good for them to do so.

Consider Your Verdict

Change places with Judge Longson at Bakewell County Court, Derbyshire. Reach your verdict on the facts given below and then turn to Page 8 to see if your decision agrees with that of the Judge.

* * *

Judge Longson was told that the Milk Marketing Board had made a claim for £8 6s. against Mr. G. S. Sellors, a local milk retailer.

The dairyman disputed the claim. He admitted owing 9s. 4d., which he had always been willing to pay, and informed the Board that he had receipts for the rest.

Nevertheless, the Board issued a summons against him for the whole amount.

While the proceedings were pending, the Board thought again.

An inspector was sent to investigate, and found that the debt was only 9s. 4d., as Mr. Sellors had maintained. He paid this sum into court.

On the day the action was due to be heard, the Board abandoned its summons. Mr. Sellors asked the Judge to award him costs.

What would you have said?

Turn to column 4, page 8.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

• Servants of the Crown
• Poor Old Black Bess!
• Road to Nowhere

YOU have often pointed out in JOHN BULL that "the Crown can do no wrong"—that no action against a Government department can lie if, say, a car driven by an official knocks down an individual.

The papers attached will prove that there is redress.—E.D.S., Staffordshire.

Our reader encloses correspondence to show that a Post Office worker knocked down a man and that the solicitor's department, G.P.O., settled out of court for a substantial sum.

Post Office settled because there was a threat of suing its servant, and because the Crown, as a rule, defends its servants and assumes responsibility for damages awarded against them.

All well and good—but we know of case after case where people, who would have got damages if they had been knocked down by a private car, have got nothing because they were bowled over by a vehicle owned by the Crown.

No Red Tape

I went to Somerset House to look up a marriage entry for August, 1937.

I found the records were only complete to June, 1937.

To my mind, a Government department that is eleven months behind with its records should think about increasing its staff.—Mrs. M. J., Hamborough Road, Southall, Middlesex.

Returns of births, marriages and deaths reach Somerset House one month after the end of each quarter. Law of the land doesn't make them immediately available for public scrutiny. But Registrar-General's Department is notably lacking in red tape. If our reader had approached the clerk at the marriage desk, and her demands had been reasonable, he would have turned a blind eye to the Statutes.

Thrilling

"The Hurricane," shown at our local kinema, was described by one of the district papers as the biggest thrill of the year.

And, do you know, the lady in front of me held her hat on from start to finish!—B. D., Fore Street, Silverton, near Exeter, Devon.

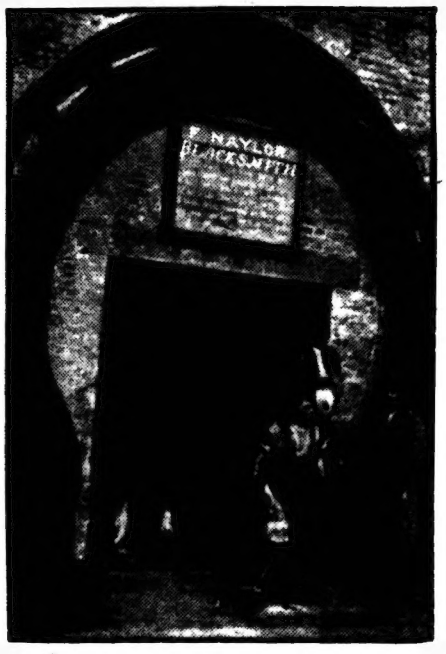
Freedom for Fido

A young constable has just insisted that I should put my dog on a lead in the street.

I asked why. He said: "Never mind why. I request you to put him on a lead."

I did so. And now I would like to know whether he had the force of the Law behind him.—Mrs. T., Jaffray Road, Bromley, Kent.

Scotland Yard admits he had none, says there is no law or by-law insisting on it.



Mr. H. Franklin, of 21, Spansyke Street, Doncaster, who took this photograph of a blacksmith's shop at Carlton-on-Trent, near Newark, says that Dick Turpin is reputed to have had his horse shod there during his ride to York.

Poor Black Bess! She must have kicked her shoes off pretty often if all these "reputeds" are true.

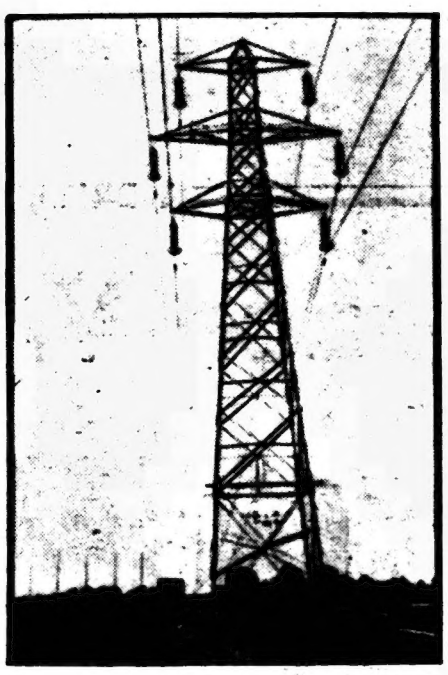
Anyhow, behold the biggest horseshoe in Britain—and a quaint old forge you would hate to see disappear.

Film Archives

Leeds public libraries have started to collect all films showing important local events.

Other towns might like to copy this idea. It makes for local patriotism and therefore good citizenship to keep people interested in the history of their own particular city or town.—D., Otley Old Road, Leeds, 6.

Gaumont-British tell us many towns now keep such film archives. Most films dealing with such events as giving a city charter to a former borough are asked for by the place concerned and often presented by that company. Towns with film archives were offered free Coronation films—and fifty availed themselves of the offer.



Right in the middle of the road is this grid pylon near Luton, Beds.

Faringdon Road, which it obstructs, and which is an important thoroughfare leading off the Luton-Dunstable road, was laid down long before the grid was thought of.

Now the "locals" are having a gamble as to which will be moved—the pylon or the road.—Photograph by Mr. H. J. Squires, 10, Ludlow Avenue, Luton, Beds.

Double Trouble

My son was taking his girl to their first late night party, and asked my permission to let his sweetheart stay for the night.

Naturally, I said she could, and she took the boy's bedroom while he slept downstairs on the settee.

So picture my husband taking cups of tea round the next morning, one of which he left in the lad's bedroom believing the recumbent form to be that of his son.

He came tearing into my bedroom with the news: "Think I'm mad if you like. I don't care what you say. But the plain truth is that Leonard is upstairs and downstairs at the same time!"—Mrs. Whitehead, 83, King's Road, Bradford, Yorks.

Water Wisdom

My brother, visiting us from the United States, tells us that iodine is added to the reservoir in his home town. He says it is often done in America, and wonders why we haven't adopted the idea.—Mr. Sydney Taylor, 33, Glover Street, Leeds.

Ministry of Health says: "Although iodine in water corrects certain deficiencies that cause goitre, we believe we are right in saying it is never added to the bulk water supply here.

"We have never heard of it being done, although it is the business of the various local medical authorities. In certain places, we believe, schoolchildren are given the iodine in chocolates."

SILVER LINING

I have been visiting hospitals regularly for four years. They never depress me. There is a silver side to them that always banishes my blues.

The new arrival in a ward may look gloomy—but see how soon his fellow-patients make him snap out of it!

I have just come away from a sanatorium where one of the patients was trying to accompany a wireless broadcast on a gimcrack ukulele, while the other patients roared. I took a look at the morose people round me in the street. How different they were!

Let philosophers moralise about it—but there are the facts.—F. Nicholson, 44, Vronhill Street, Liverpool.

* * *

I am a man in the fifties, and often I get that "over fifty" feeling.

Life seems to me to be one terrible struggle for existence, with the weakest driven to the wall.

Then I think of my boyhood days—six days of slavery every week—hours, 5 a.m. to 8 p.m.—for an apprentice's salary. If you think of all the badness of the so-called "good old days," life seems to take on a rosier hue.—B. Read, Straitoke, Weedon, Northants.

* * *

Nine-tenths of the new books are gloomy. Nine-tenths of my present library is gloomy.

My daily newspaper makes me want to weep—perhaps because the international situation is so depressing.

My weekly dose of films does make me weep.

The only optimism I can find is in my autograph album, with its silly adages like "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."

That's the bright side. I thank Heaven for it. I thank Heaven for the little people of life, who, if they write at all, at least portray the bright side of things.—S. E. B., Brighton.

* * *

I must confess I looked enviously at a huge, resplendent limousine that drew up noiselessly outside the bank. The occupant lolled back comfortably.

Then two bank officials came out to assist the chauffeur in helping that man out of the car, and I saw he was a cripple.

I said to myself "Thank God I have real wealth"—and walked on, feeling that there can be nothing so very wrong with life if you have good health.—Mrs. M. Brown, 12, Martenson Street, Liverpool, 7.

* * *

In twenty years of working I have "busted" eight fingers, sprained both ankles and wrists, put both knees out, had my chest crushed, had fourteen stitches put in my head, been buried three times, and suffered long unemployment through bad burns.

I am covered with scars.

But I still "keep on keeping on."

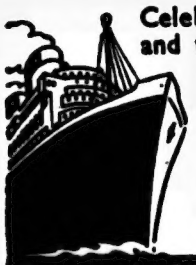
And we're all smiling in our house, thank you very much!—W. A. Copeland, 42, Albion Street, Tamworth, Staffs.

THE VERDICT

Judge Longson refused to give the dairyman an order for his costs. All he could offer him, he said, was his sympathy.

JOHN BULL's verdict.—It is monstrous when a citizen is liable to be put to expense by the autocracy of a Government Department and then left in the lurch by the law.

MAKE YOUR SHIP COME HOME!



Celebrating the launching of R.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* this week and the 26th Birthday of "Bullets," a mighty 2-in-1 First Prize awaits you for one week only on pages 38 and 39. For just 2, 3 or 4 simple words your huge reward may well be £1,000 cash and trip to New York for two on the historic maiden voyage of the world's greatest luxury liner. Sail in and make *your* ship come home!

Sail on the Maiden Voyage of R.M.S. QUEEN ELIZABETH

Dictator of Europe

He bestrides the Continent, a greater lord than Napoleon

What Comes Next on Hitler's Programme? asks A. G. Gardiner

WHATEVER gloss we put on the stupendous events of the past few weeks, one fact emerges naked and indisputable.

The Dictator of Germany has come near to being the Dictator of Europe. He bestrides the Continent to-day more formidably than any man in history.

Without firing a shot, merely by the rattle of the sabre in its scabbard, he has approached a supremacy which Napoleon never accomplished by the bloodshed and victories of a hundred battlefields.

☆

INTO the causes behind what seemed to be the astonishing collapse of the Peace Powers over the issue of Czechoslovakia it is idle to inquire here.

Time may explain, though it can never excuse, the first act of betrayal by which, after being assured by its allies of their full support, a nation whose integrity was guaranteed by the Peace of Versailles was to be thrown to the wolves without a hand being lifted to protect it from mutilation.

It may be that in time, too, we may know the meaning of what many thought to be the humiliating spectacle of a British Prime Minister prostrating himself before the German Dictator and flying to and fro as the messenger of his commands.

These matters are for the future.

☆

NOW, what we are concerned with is the situation with which these tremendous happenings confront us.

The central fact of the situation is that the reign of law is almost at an end in Europe. There is no escape from that.

Possibly in some happier day there may be a revival of the cause of Geneva.

But for the present violence is in the saddle. It rides roughshod over the earth from China to Spain and from Abyssinia to Czechoslovakia, and its progress in the heart of Central Europe shapes the issue that must henceforth be the chief preoccupation of the world.

In this connection it is important that we should try to understand the mind and purpose of the extraordinary man who, beginning life in the humblest of circumstances, is to-day the dictator of Europe's destinies.

That is not impossible, for he has explained both himself and his aim with perfect candour in the book "My Struggle," which is the Bible of the Pagan Germany he has created.

☆

KEY to his character is an intense fanaticism.

He does not disclaim this. He describes himself as a fanatic, and at Nuremberg he called on his followers to follow him "fanatically."

Like all fanatics, he is obsessed by a single idea. It is the idea of the divinity of the German race.

He is not the author of that idea. It was, curiously enough, first put forward a century ago by a Frenchman—Count Gobineau. Later it was the theme of an Englishman, Houston Chamberlain, the son of an English admiral, and the husband of Wagner's daughter.

From these writers and from Nietzsche, Hitler conceived the idea of a pure German race, unpolluted by any contact with "lesser breeds without the law," dominating the world by force.

He wants peace, but it must be peace as the result of "the conquest of the world by the Germans."

It must, he says in his Bible, be "a peace resting not on the palm branches of tearful pacifist women, but on the victorious sword of a master-nation (Herrenvolk) which takes the world into the services of a higher culture."

But the super-race must be under the dominion of the superman. It must move in step as one man.

Political freedom is unthinkable, the "democratic mass-idea" is rejected and parliamentary government is denounced as "an abortion of filth and fire." (Hence the destruction of the Reichstag.)

☆

FROM this fanatical racialism springs the fanatical hatred of the Jews, always alluded to as "vermin," whom the "master nation" is to sweep before it from the face of the earth.

The victory of the master nation is to be accomplished by two weapons—the sword and propaganda; the sword for the enemy, the propaganda for the sheep at home.

The aim of propaganda, he says, is to "*force* a doctrine upon a whole people" and "to break up the existing order and replace it by a new teaching."

And this propaganda must permeate the world. Wherever Germans are to be found they are to be mobilised for the future triumphs of the "master nation."

Those triumphs admit of no territorial boundaries.

"Nature knows no political frontiers," he says, "and mankind grows great in eternal conflict; in eternal peace it perishes."

☆

THIS is the gospel which is challenging the world, and no one can question its astonishing achievements.

With those achievements Hitler has changed the face of Europe.

He has torn the Treaty of Versailles to tatters. He has forged the most formidable military machine on the Continent.

He has put the League of Nations out of action and all hopes of peace and disarmament into cold storage.

He has gobbled up Austria, is sweeping Czechoslovakia out of his path to the East and South East of Europe and is paving the way to dominion over the Danube basin and the Balkans.

His latest demonstration of power, coupled with the early impotence of the Peace Powers, has tempted some of the smaller nations of Europe to take shelter under his wing.

Mussolini, overawed by his contemptuous advance to the Brenner, eats out of his hand and together the Dictators, at one time, brought the prestige of this country to a lower level than it had fallen to for three centuries.

We have ceased to count as much as we did in the affairs of Europe beyond the Rhine and with their activities in Spain the freedom of the Mediterranean which is the life-line of the British system is in imminent danger of rupture.

☆

AND what comes next? Hitler has gone far with the programme he sketched out in "Mein Kampf." That programme contemplated the establishment of German dominion over Eastern Europe before he turned to settle Germany's account with the undying enemy, France.

He has extended his programme since he wrote his book. Then he contemplated a German-Anglo-Italian alliance against France and took the Bismarckian view that the Continent was wide enough for German ambitions.

But he has surrendered to the World Empire school of Treitschke and has made it clear that when he has mopped up Europe he will turn to adventures far afield.

He has, I think, specified six years hence as the time for that enterprise—a time allowance calculated presumably for the construction of the necessary Navy.

☆

IN these circumstances the sequel to the fate of Czechoslovakia, whatever happens this week, would be clearly not peace, but a furious acceleration in the armaments race.

The tension in Europe could not subside with the sacrifice of Czechoslovakia. There has always been every reason to fear that it would be intensified, with consequences that are open for all to apprehend.

There is an alternative to this dark picture which is still attainable if the democratic powers of the earth realise the peril and act resolutely. Germany, Italy and Japan have got away with a flying start, because those powers have done neither.

But they still have the greatest potentialities in material resources and moral strength.

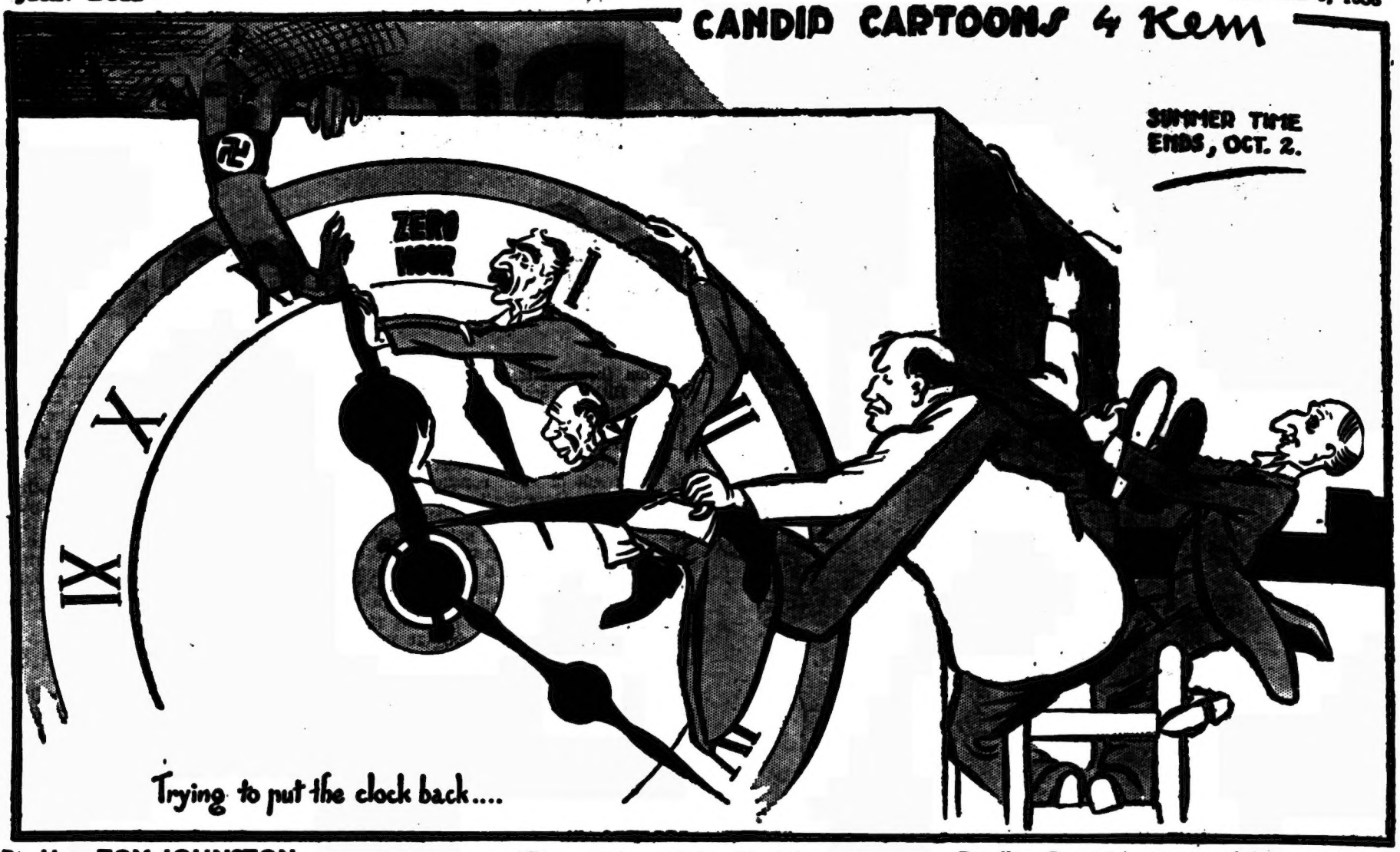
Above all, they have behind them the passion of the common people in all lands for peace and security.

That passion exists in the countries that have fallen under the heel of the dictators as well as in our own. And it would be intensified as the miseries which follow in the train of war are felt.

With these great forces at our command, there is no reason to despair.

But we must have men in power who will inspire the nation in this great emergency—men who will mobilise all the powers of freedom and who, while meeting strength with strength, will hold aloft the ideal of the League of Nations as the only salvation of mankind.

You have read the Crisis views of one of the greatest publicists of the age. Now turn to page 13 and read the opinions of a man in the street.



OPEN LETTERS

. . . and telegrams

Mr. HAROLD JUNE, American explorer: Mineral wealth waits to be exploited at South Pole, you affirm. Colonising there would cool Hitler's temper.—JOHN BULL.

CONSERVATIVE PARTY: At next week's conference you'll demand grow-more-food measures. Stick to that demand; don't just make a show and then run away.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. P. FRASER, New Zealand Government: If trouble comes, wealth will be conscripted as well as men, you tell your country. Our Cabinet should say the same for Britain.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. TOM JOHNSTON, M.P.,
House of Commons

DEAR TOM,—You're right—it's no use going on as we are now. Uneasy breathing-spells between alarms and strains cannot be called Peace.

"Even if this Sudeten business is patched up," you demand, "what shall it benefit Europe if we must all prepare and prepare for some delayed Der Tag?"

I don't know. I doubt if even the Cabinet does.

But I am convinced that you sum up the feeling of every sensible citizen in pleading for a new international order. That is a task the Labour Party might well begin.

Unless some nation, some Party, takes the initiative in forging new bonds of understanding and law, the European tension will snap one day and hurl us into the abyss.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. EVERARD DICKSON,
Metropolitan Police Magistrate

DEAR SIR,—Anti-Jew bigots are again becoming a nuisance in London's East End. But I think your admirable sternness will damp their ardour.

You have sentenced one young hothead to two months' hard labour and fined him £5 for obstructing the police, and fined another for using insulting words.

If the evil growth of Fascism in our cities is to be checked, your fellow-magistrates must be equally ready to use the legal knife. They have been too squeamish in the past.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN MAUDE,
Town Planning Expert

DEAR SIR JOHN,—If the coastline is to be saved from destruction, local authorities must be forced to use their planning powers.

So, in the report of your official committee, you urge the Government to bring pressure on them. I agree.

Some councils, of course, are doing their utmost to preserve rural beauty. But many others, for motives at which I can only guess, are winking at vandalism and jerry-building.—JOHN BULL.

Lord ASHFIELD,
London Transport Chief

MY LORD,—Arising from the Charing Cross smash, when six people were killed and nearly sixty injured, it is just announced that plate-glass in certain parts of the Underground trains is gradually to be replaced by safety glass.

So I should think!

I admire your £40,000,000 plans for building new lines. But don't forget the rolling stock.

On the Metropolitan line, for example, some of the trains are thirty years old. Time they were scrapped!—JOHN BULL.

The DEACONS,
Bethel Welsh Baptist Chapel, Rachub

GENTLEMEN,—Surely you must be driving the angels to tears.

You ask that the Bethesda council houses, built near your church, shall not be let to families with many children, lest the youngsters disturb your services.

Now let me ask you one: Ever read that Divine phrase in the Bible, "Suffer little children to come unto Me"?—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM CRAWFORD,
Publicity Expert

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—For good health, everyone should drink a pint of milk daily. Yet the daily consumption in Britain averages only half a pint for each person.

We should also eat much more cheese, eggs, butter, fresh vegetables and fruit, as you stress in a book you have written in collaboration with Mr. H Broadley. I support your appeal for a great propaganda campaign to teach wives and girls leaving school what foodstuffs to buy.

And you will agree with me, I'm sure, that we must end the poverty that denies adequate meals to millions of our people.—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Uxbridge

YOUR WORSHIPS.—Is there no risk of your Bench straining the quality of mercy?

Young Edward Joseph Fowler admitted stealing from a gas-meter. He was workless, had no food in the house, and his two babies were ill.

Though he had no previous convictions, you have jailed him for a month. To embitter him against Society?—JOHN BULL.

Professor F. L. HOPWOOD,
St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London

DEAR PROFESSOR,—When the world is trembling with fear, and preparations for destroying life go on apace, I find it a tonic to hear of life-savers such as you.

Under your direction, a substitute for radium is being made from common salt.

It should revolutionise the treatment of cancer and other diseases. For it is both easier to use and far cheaper than ordinary radium which, thanks to profiteering, costs £1,000,000 for seven ounces.

Your name will be remembered long after dictators have ceased to imperil humanity.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. CLEMENTS,
Gillingham Newlyweds

DEAR PEOPLE,—At your wedding last week a smoke-bomb was thrown instead of confetti. There was a guard of honour wearing gas-masks and steel helmets, holding aloft bomb-scoops and fire-rakes. Because, it seems, you are both A.R.P. workers.

No doubt, your friends found it amusing. I can imagine nothing more sinister or horrible.

But, of course, it's their affair. I can merely hope that the jest never becomes earnest.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. FLORENCE MARY WALLER,
Merton Park, London, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—You learner-drivers who kill people in the course of your instruction are becoming a serious problem.

It was a road-sweeper you killed when you lost control of your car. And you have been fined 40s. for careless driving. But, though your licence has been endorsed, it has not been suspended!

You intend to go on driving—"for pleasure," you say.

May it prove pleasant in future—for other people as well as yourself.—JOHN BULL.

RELEASE JOHN TORR!

Mrs. Torr with three of her five children. Her family has been struggling to exist on 12s. 6d. a week.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

"John Bull" here reveals that a man has been cast into prison because he flouted the Means Test authorities by refusing to leave his wife and children and enter a workhouse. This travesty of justice is

The Biggest Scandal in Britain

JOHN HORACE TORR is in prison.

He is serving a month's hard labour because he refused to leave his wife and children and enter the workhouse.

Let the facts speak for themselves.

At forty-three, Torr, whose home is in Queen Street, Burton-on-Trent, is a man shattered in health by the war.

While serving with the West Yorks Regiment on the Somme, he was paralysed from waist to toes by frostbite.

The doctors wanted to discharge him as unfit, but he pleaded to stay on in the Army and to rejoin his regiment at the front.

Soon he was again disabled.

Buried by a shell explosion in a Flanders trench, he was unconscious for days.

Once more he asked not to be parted from his comrades, but to be given some light duty in his country's cause.

He was allowed to continue as personal servant to a General, and he kept the job until three years after the Armistice.

There was no pension for Torr. The official view was that, by volunteering twice to remain in the Army after disablement, he had given evidence that he was fit to resume civil life without help.

For some time this was so. He got work in a Burton brewery, and was able to keep it for ten years.

DURING that period he built up a comfortable home for his wife and five children.

Then spells of unemployment.

Different employers gave him chances. Even when work was available, they could not keep him on.

Torr was going to pieces physically. The effects of his war sufferings were beginning to tell.

Before he could leave the house in the morning his limbs had to be massaged for an hour to remove the stiffness inherited from frostbite.

Neurasthenia gripped him. His sight began to fail.

All the results of shell shock, declared the doctors.

Not surprising that employers were chary of giving him work. In his condition he might easily be a danger to himself and his workmates.

Every representation made to the pensions authorities to provide medical treatment for Torr and to grant a pension to him and his family failed.

Hospital care was provided for him for a time by the British Red Cross Society. But the Ministry of Pensions would do nothing.

Once the Ministry did consent to his medical examination by a board. That was five years ago.

From that day he has never heard a word about the result.

Scant though it had been, official sympathy for the man dried up altogether when a certain incident was made known.

Torr, feeling forsaken by the country for which he had done his best, had lit a bonfire in his garden one night and cast his war medals in the flames.

That gesture of disgust was too much for the authorities. They abandoned Torr completely.

For three years the man has not worked.

Most of that time he and his family were maintained by the Unemployment Assistance Board at the rate of £2 per week.

His health became worse. His neurasthenia was intensified by idleness and the realisation that he was looked upon as an outcast.

Then, six months ago, the authorities took extraordinary action against him. So extraordinary as to be incredible.

Instead of demanding that the Ministry of Pensions should give the broken man hospital treatment and make provision for his dependants until he was well again, they ordered him to enter the workhouse as a pauper.

The alternative was that his wife and children would be transferred from the Unemployment Assistance Board panel and made chargeable to the poor law.

IN such circumstances, Torr would be prosecuted and a magistrate asked to commit him to prison.

Surely, he said, he deserved something better of his country than to be plucked from his home and family and to be planted in a workhouse ward for the rest of his life.

Machinery was set in motion to deal with him.

It was done by the simple process of denying further statutory benefit from the Unemployment Assistance Board to Mrs. Torr and the children, and thus making them dependent on public assistance funds.

Technically, therefore, by refusing to go into the workhouse, John Torr would be failing to maintain them, and making himself liable to criminal proceedings.

It was the first time this amazing procedure had ever been resorted to in Britain. Torr resisted.

Punishment fell on his family swiftly and heavily.

For six months they have received only a relief allowance of 12s. 6d.—in kind.

Terrible months they have been for the Torr household.

One of the five children, an eight-year-old girl, became seriously ill during that time.

She needed eggs, butter and milk. Not a penny of extra allowance was conceded for her.

SOMETIMES, for days on end, there was nothing in the house but water to give to the sick girl.

Through a private welfare agency the child was taken to the seaside. But she returned home still very ill.

This time a doctor said that nourishing food must be provided for her. He signed a demand that the authorities should supply it for at least a month.

The most they would do was to grant an extra 2s. 6d.—for three weeks only.

The 12s. 6d. grocery ticket would not pay rent. That had to be done by selling or pawning the household furniture and even the family's clothing.

Week by week the home was denuded of its contents in the struggle to survive.

For six months there has never been a coin in Mrs. Torr's purse. It is filled with pawn-tickets.

All the time the man searched desperately, but vainly, for work.

Labour was being freely recruited in his district for munitions.

He approached at least six Government departments and pleaded for one of the jobs.

As he was an ex-Serviceman, they replied, he could only be engaged through the Ministry of Labour.

In turn, that Department told him that he could not be put forward for employment because of his physical condition.

Now the authorities have struck their last blow.

Torr was summoned to the police court for causing his family to be maintained by public funds owing to his refusal to enter the workhouse.

TO support this astounding charge, a 114-year-old Act had to be invoked.

It is the ancient Vagrancy Act, originally directed against such offenders as disorderly persons, vagabonds and incorrigible rogues.

John Torr, of course, is in none of these categories.

His only crime has been three years' unemployment—caused by his war service.

Unless, to be sure, the burning of his medals made him a "disorderly person" in the eyes of officialdom.

By a freak of chance, before the man was brought to the dock, he found work as a labourer on the road.

This was reported to the magistrate. He showed his swollen hands, covered with great blisters and stained with iodine—the evidence of his willingness to toil if given the chance.

It made no difference.

The public assistance authorities, it was said in court, felt that they must show that their decisions could not be disobeyed with impunity.

So John Torr was sent to prison for a month with hard labour.

By their success in this monstrous prosecution, the authorities have fashioned a new weapon with which to harass men and their families who are on the Means Test.

The weapon must be taken from them. The Home Secretary must order the immediate release of John Torr.

Travelling the country like a Judge, saving your money from being squandered, he's the—

MAN the GRAFTERS FEAR!

The District Auditor is your only guardian and friend. It is his job to see that your money is spent properly and not frittered away. Only the grafters fear him . . .

HE is short, grey-haired and has a quiet, deliberate voice.

When he is not being urbanely evasive, or preserving a Civil Service silence, his words are few and to the point.

He uses them with almost mathematical precision, the precision you would expect from a man who thinks in figures, *a man to whom figures cannot lie.*

For, as a District Auditor, that is his job.

To know when figures lie, to spot flaws, discrepancies, errors and excesses in the accounts of your local council. In short, he is the guardian of your money.

He is there to see that your money is spent properly and not squandered, to see that it is neither frittered away nor filched from you.

That is why he is the man the grafters fear.

And it's not such an inhuman, mechanical job as it sounds.

Because the District Auditor, who travels the country like an Assize judge, has a ready ear for any member of the public who likes to attend his open "court."

Strange problems and dramas are laid bare and solved in the dusty committee rooms and chambers where the D.A. makes his investigation into a council's books.

Here's a typical story from a D.A.'s notebook.

With his assistants, he sat ploughing through masses of figures in the cobwebbed quiet of a town hall office.

There were only eight people in the public seats

Then an elderly woman edged round the door and made her way to the front row before his desk. An attendant pointed to a vacant seat.

Suddenly she burst out: "Sir . . . oh, sir . . . there's something I must talk to you about . . . now!"

The D.A. called her over. Well, what was it? Oh, she couldn't talk before all these people.

Presently the D.A. saw her in private, and heard an astonishing story.

Silent Fear

Her husband had been dismissed from a farm run by the local council to support the inmates of its institutions.

He had discovered that nearly 30 per cent. of the produce was going to private people, and had threatened to disclose what he knew.

Since then he had got another job, indirectly connected with one of the councillors, and had kept silent for fear of being sacked again.

But now the councillor had discovered who it was his manager had employed, and the husband was likely to lose the job anyway.

The woman cried a little as she finished her disjointed story. What could she do?

Drastic Reforms

It was not long before drastic changes had been made in the methods of that local council.

To-day the woman is a new person. She knows her husband's job is safe, and from sentiment and gratitude continues to attend the D.A.'s court every year.

That is only a trivial case, it is true, but it shows you how the D.A.'s work touches the lives of ordinary people.

Actually its scope is vast, and forms a tremendous bulwark against the canker of influence and graft which, if it were unchecked, would soon riddle the national fabric.

It was in 1934 that this country saw an outburst against nepotism—that particular form of graft which gives jobs to relatives.

It was said to be rife among several local councils.

People declared that local government was so unclean that it was not worth while voting, and that unless the abuses were stopped the whole system would break down.

Then came the dramatic case of the Poplar council, which took three years to clear up. Coal contracts were the cause of the muddle, and more than £26,000 was involved.

As a result of investigations by the District Auditor, the equivalent of a ninepenny rate was recovered from the various contractors concerned.

This was the climax of the campaign in which striking revelations were made.

For example, one council passed a resolution allowing members first-class railway fares.

Within four months 575 claims for first-class fares were made—but only 61 first-class tickets were issued by the railway in that time.

Councillors had also been charging double subsistence allowances.

The D.A. soon stopped that.

You see, every penny that you pay to your local council must be spent according to the law. Very often it isn't, and the D.A. unearths some curious loopholes through which your money disappears.

Examining the accounts of an important county council, one District Auditor found an item for expenses incurred by members who were attending a conference.

The bill seemed very large. He went into it carefully.

By law, the council was permitted to provide railway fares and subsistence allowances. Unfortunately, "subsistence" had been interpreted far too lavishly.

Delegates to that conference had to refund the extra money they had spent.

Paradoxical situations arose over the Coronation.

By law, it was debatable whether any council could use ratepayers' money for the celebrations. What was to happen?

Well, every village and town in the country was beflagged and festooned during Coronation Week.

Special sanction had been given for reasonable expenditure.

Trouble also arose when heavy costs for advertising had to appear on the accounts of seaside councils. They considered they had every right to use ratepayers' money to advertise the attractions of their towns.

All went well until the D.A. arrived.

He proved that there was no legal sanction for payments from the rates for such purposes, and the councillors were faced with the unpleasant possibility of having to refund the money.

Naturally, reforms were necessary. The development of seaside resorts and the keen rivalry between them made advertising essential.

Shortly afterwards the law's attitude to publicity was revised.

District Auditors must watch every twist and turn in local accounts.

For example, councils have a right to buy supplies of oil, petrol, coal and wood.

If the auditor thinks the quantities bought are unnecessarily large—and he is an expert at estimating the needs of a community—he begins to trace down exactly how the supplies have been used.

Where were they delivered? It is simple to order wood for the local council and have it delivered to a private address.

Once his suspicions are aroused, the D.A. will hunt down the details ruthlessly.

Ruthless Hunt

Some rural councils run farms or allotments. They always interest the auditor.

The man who lost his job for threatening to disclose irregularities need have had no fear.

The D.A. was almost certain to have discovered the discrepancies.

He is provided with any statistics he wants about the different sides of agricultural life.

From these he estimates just what yield should be obtained from any acreage, and what that yield is worth.

The normal quantity of milk produced per cow, the average number of eggs per hen, the selling value of pigs—he weighs them all carefully.

Eggs and milk diverted in small quantities for private use might escape attention for three or four months. But over a year they are certain to be noticed.

Apart from the extravagant or illegal use of ratepayers' money, the D.A. also watches the interests of the council itself.

Since the introduction of driving licences, dog and petrol licences, road tax and all the other trappings of a complex civilisation, his work has become increasingly difficult.

He must check them all and see that every person, from a humble street salesman to the proprietor of a luxury road house, has paid his share.

Yet he still manages to be your guardian and your friend. Only the grafters need fear him.

Important

APPLICATIONS for "EVERYBODY'S BEST FRIEND," the great new presentation which JOHN BULL announced last week, have been so tremendous that no further announcements will be made or Reservation Forms published in JOHN BULL in connection with this offer.

Readers who have NOT yet applied for this book, which answers thousands of life's personal problems, should send in at once the Reservation Forms which appeared in last week's JOHN BULL.

All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation, and must be received by not later than Thursday, October 6.

Just a Human Story

Ragamuffin . . .

MISS DERBY, the village schoolmistress, came across Johnnie one day when he was shivering on a doorstep.

He hadn't been home for four days. He hadn't been to school, either. Miss Derby knew, because she took his class.

Whimpering, he told his story. Dad had sent him on an errand, with money. Somebody had relieved him of the handful of coppers. Johnnie just daren't go home.

Miss Derby's own knowledge of the village and its people completed the story.

Johnnie's father wasn't a cruel man. His step-mother wasn't cruel, either.

But he was such a little fellow in a big family, and with money scarce—well, Johnnie was the first to suffer.

Miss Derby saw that as she looked at his pinched face, his threadbare clothes.

And by his behaviour when she confronted him with a meal. He didn't reach for food. He fought for it.

Now see little Miss Derby as mediator.

Leaving Johnnie outside, she approached his father.

"Got him, have you? Well, I'll thrash the life out of the little brat."

"Perhaps he has a reason," suggested Miss Derby.

"Reason? Let me get my belt on him!"

The step-mother stabbed a knitting-needle viciously. "He's pinched the money and he daren't come home," she said.

So Miss Derby told them of the theft.

"That's what *he's* told you," they chimed in.

"No," replied Miss Derby. "That's what I know by my own personal enquiries."

The father knitted his brows. "So somebody *did* pinch the money from him," he said. His hand sought his heavy belt. "Well, if I could find who it is, he'd soon feel a bit of this round his hide."

Safe, now, to bring Johnnie into the room.

A rough hand swept his tousled hair—his father's hand.

And Johnnie smiled.

* * *

In her classroom, to-day, Miss Derby remembers that smile—thanks God for the little act of fatherliness that gave it birth.

For the three days of truancy in a biting wind, without food, was too great a hardship.

A little ragamuffin found the first real happiness of his life in the hospital to which they took him with pneumonia—and there he died.

GEORGINA SNOWDEN.

"I Had a Comrade"

By a Man who Came Back

The men who fought last time fought for ideals as simple and homely as they were themselves

IT was my good luck to come through the Great War unscathed. I had four years of it, from beginning to end, most of the time in the front line.

My friends were killed one by one. Every time I lay down to sleep in those four years, it was with thoughts of comrades I had lost that day.

So, during the twenty years since then I have tested my conscience in most big things by asking myself if what my rulers are doing, or urging me to do, would have the approval of those who died.

I regard myself as an executor of their last testament:—

... We throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high.
If you break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep....

Cynics—always people who are ignorant of war—say that my comrades gave their lives for a cause of which they knew nothing, that they paid a price for something which they could not understand.

That is not true. The men I knew from 1914 to 1918 had very clear ideals in their minds. They knew exactly what they were fighting for.

I hold that at times like these we should remember those men and their ideals. Then we shall know the line that we must follow....

* * *

There was Fred Voice, from Norwich, such a thin little waif of a man that we wondered in those early days how he had been able to get into the Army at all.

I got to know him well in the winter of 1914-15 at Hill 60. We shared a tarpaulin and a hole in the trench wall.

He knew by heart those big phrases in which Britain had announced her war aims:

"We shall not lay down the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until ... the rights of small nations are assured, until the domination of Prussian militarism is fully and finally overthrown."

But he had thoughts of his own, too. One night he started to philosophise.

He talked awkwardly, almost shamefacedly, and at the end he cocked a thumb at the German line and remarked:

"Jerry didn't want this war any more than we did. Pity we can't have a chat with him about it. We could hammer out something for the good of the world."

He sucked his pipe for a minute. "There is no excuse," he said, "for the barbarity of war. There never could be an excuse. When we get this one over, there must never be another one."

Fred was killed a few yards from me on Messines Ridge two months later.

* * *

Tug Wilson was a brawny coal miner from Cannock Chase. He joined us when we were back in billets, and he was a phenomenon—a soldier really angry with the enemy before he had even heard a bullet whizz.

He had war fever.

"I don't mind if I do die," he said, "if only I can get a poke with a bayonet at one of them—just to show what I think of them."

But the fever didn't last. At the end of a week of war, hatred had gone from him.

And at the end of a fortnight he had gone, too.

* * *

The carnage of the Somme was at its greatest when, one day, I crawled up to join Sergeant Dick Webb at a sap head.

He lay face downwards, puffing his pipe into the ground so that the smoke might not be seen from the enemy sap twenty yards away.

I asked him about his stock of machine-gun ammunition. He didn't seem to hear.

Anyhow, all I got from him was: "There isn't a problem that couldn't be solved by talking it over."

Sergeant Webb was struck down by a piece of anti-aircraft shrapnel during the victory attack of 1918.

* * *

Two and a half years after the war ended, I was summoned to a hospital on the banks of the Forth.

Donald Clarke, former lecturer at Edinburgh University and my best friend of the war years, was dying there from his wounds.

Both of us knew it was our last meeting. When I rose from his bedside to go, I saw a paper-covered volume sticking from under the pillow.

I looked at it. It was a copy of the Versailles Treaty.

Clarke smiled. "I've been studying it," he said. "It's a rotten thing. It will cost many lives yet—if they aren't careful. Cheerio, old man."

Before I got back to London, Donald Clarke, the prophet, had died.

* * *

The other day my work took me to a Whitehall department.

I had to wait in an office where six men were at a desk.

From their talk about Marines, Footguards, and so on, I supposed they must be engaged in some war preparation.

Far from it. They were organising on paper the ceremony due to take place at the Cenotaph on the anniversary of Armistice Day, six weeks hence.

Were those clerks wasting their time? I asked myself. Will that ceremony take place this year.

If it does, will my conscience let me pay homage at the Cenotaph, whisper to the Dead that their trust is still in good keeping?

Would they have had it that Britain should have saved the peace?

Or would they say that, given the chance, they would die again in defence of a small nation.

* * *

From Whitehall, my way took me through Kennington. There, I remembered, in Prince of Wales Buildings, had lived Mrs. Thackeray.

Twenty-two years ago, while on leave from France, I had called on her to offer my Commanding Officer's condolences on the loss of her two sons, both killed on the same afternoon on the Somme.

A few words which Mrs. Thackeray spoke to me on that visit were in my mind.

"I only hope," she had said, "that they have not died for nothing."

Mrs. Thackeray, I found, still lives in Kennington, She looks very old and frail to-day.

"Would your boys say that Britain has failed them?" I asked her.

"I don't know much about these things," she said, "but the chief thing to me is that there has been no war.

"I'm sure the German *people* don't want to fight us any more than we want to fight them. That is what Jack and Jim would say."

* * *

I have tried to show what the men who died were fighting for. Their ideals were the simple, homely beliefs of simple, homely men.

Justice, Freedom and Peace. Those were the things they gave their lives for.

At times lately, it has seemed that we could only have one of those things at the price of another.

But I do not think they would wish us to throw away any part of their creed—and, I say again, we are their executors.

I think that if we to-day can keep those ideals before us, follow them steadfastly, preach them earnestly, my comrades will not have died in vain.

● *These bathing belles took part in a hospital charity carnival on Tagg's Island in 1930, when it was popular as the Thames Riviera*

● *Many people have tried to make Tagg's Island pay. James Allen put up a very spectacular scheme—but only to filch investors of more money*

Jack of All Tricks

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS'

MEET the most resourceful rogue in Britain—a Jack-of-all-tricks, who is master of every crooked scheme under the sun.

James Bentley Pitt Chatham Allen is his name, but he has given himself a great many others in his time.

In his latest disguise—J. T. Fox, "financier," of Water Lane, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.—he has just added more money to his loot.

By now he will have adopted a new pose, for the police are enquiring after him.

When he established himself at Water Lane he let it be known that he was a financier of independent means.

Many people who have listened to his fairy tales are now making anxious enquiries about him.

Throughout his career he has proved himself a master swindler in a variety of ways.

He has promoted big limited liability companies, on the one hand, and small one-man concerns on the other. He has obtained credit with ease on all sides.

"R.D." cheques issued by him have been numerous.

Some of his victims have been men of shrewd judgment—Allen hoodwinked them easily.

Others were just poor people who, in one scheme or another, handed him their money for investment because they thought that they were safeguarding their future in doing so.

When enquiries commenced about his recent Water Lane operations, and things were getting too uncomfortable, the genial, alert financier vanished.

An address he left behind in South-West London proved to be mythical.

To-day he is rather stout, and always most carefully dressed.

Fourteen years ago, when he slipped into his whirl of crime, he was tall, slim and striking.

Then he was plain James Allen, a music-hall artiste who had achieved some little standing in his profession.

He toured the country happily with his wife.

Suddenly, in 1924, a change came over him.

He grew more and more dissatisfied with his work, and one day disappeared, leaving his wife at the apartments where they were staying.

HE plunged with zest into the life of a crook, but there was nothing haphazard about the way he did it. Every move was carefully studied and planned.

Soon he was making big money.

Wireless, theatrical promotions, house property deals on a large scale, duck and poultry farming, garages, kinemas, forestry schemes, plans for bathing pools with luxurious restaurants.

These were just a few of his enterprises—and every one was crooked.

Right from the beginning there was that unerring skill in persuading all kinds of people to invest their money in his promotions.

He made the most trumpery affairs sound as safe as the Bank of England.

Genuine members of professions he has entered for his fraudulent purposes have marvelled at his knowledge of their business.

Recently he induced several people to join him in a stamp-dealing venture.

In a short time he mastered all the intricacies of the trade, and made off with a big haul before his dupes realised that the important business for which they had put up money was a myth.

Not long ago, in Liverpool, he made people believe that he was starting large building operations.

Beyond renting a big furnished house, where he entertained in great style, there was not the faintest semblance of any building scheme, but many persons thought, after he had talked to them, that they were lucky to be able to invest sums of from £200 to £500.

Even when he disappeared with their money they thought there must be some mistake!

At Norwich he wormed his way into the confidence of a wealthy family after meeting a son at a local hotel.

He was living at the hotel in his usual grandeur and the boy imagined he was a very big produce trader.

WITHIN a week he was a welcome visitor at the house.

His descriptions of how quickly money could be made on good investments fascinated this quiet family.

Before he left he took more than £1,000 from the father.

At that time he used the name of "James Warwick" and hinted that he was related to a famous titled family.

One of his victims, who parted with all his savings, recently had to go into bankruptcy.

He fell for a model farm idea in Lincolnshire and invested £1,500.

Allen, in one of the many names he used, took offices in Lincoln and made a great show of preparing to buy land.

That is as far as it went—except for collecting all the money he could and clearing out quickly.

Shortly afterwards he bobbed up at Golders Green as James Wyndham.

"Drive Yourself Hire Service Garages, Ltd.," was the great idea here—and, after listening to live-wire Mr. Wyndham, those who were approached felt it really was a great idea.

Again he was tremendously busy acquiring land. The hustle was most impressive.

"Get going quickly is my motto," said Mr. Wyndham.

THE unfortunate people who trusted him with their money remembered that when he disappeared!

It was at Hordle, Hants, that Allen resorted to ducks for one of his scoops.

He rented a large house called "Danehurst" and set up as something of a local squire.

From this background, and posing as "Richard Armstrong," he formed a company styled British Ducks, Ltd.

A mammoth scheme this. Ducks by mass production.

Parties in his floodlit grounds and a smart uniformed chauffeur to drive him about in a red Packard car created confidence.

People in the neighbourhood were almost clamouring to get in the Ducks company.

A good haul of many thousands this time—and when he left he told his new acquaintances that he was going to the Channel Islands for a few days' rest!

His switch over to a masquerade as a novelist was, as ever, very thorough.

As Adrien Guest he took a large suite at one of the best hotels at Gorleston-on-Sea.

Soon fellow-guests knew that he was a globe-trotter writing his memoirs. Two women secretaries were engaged to make it look more real.

With worthless cheques he rooked a number of people for quite large amounts.

Once he took Tagg's Island on the Thames in his adventuring stride. He professed to have extensive plans to make it prosper.

He prospered—but many people were left poorer and disillusioned.

CRUELLEST of all his swindles was when he ran a concern called Wyndham's Commercial Agencies from imposing offices in Tottenham Court Road, London.

By offering mythical posts in a bogus business he secured £10,000 by the old employment-with-investment trick.

It was exposed in JOHN BULL, and, as a result of this, a reader spotted Allen at Aberystwyth, where he was hiding under the name of Richard Gordon.

Information was given to the police and he was arrested. At the Old Bailey he was sent to jail for twenty months with hard labour.

At that time he managed to cover up his connection with many other frauds in different names.

It is only recently that his exploits have been linked up.

Now it is definitely established that it is the same James Bentley Chatham Allen who has been concerned in them all.

He will have a great deal to answer for when he is caught.

Only once, it is recorded, was his iron nerve really shaken.

That was when a husband, with whose wife he was having an affair, fired at him with a revolver as he was getting into his car.

The shot missed him by a hair's-breadth—but James Allen had the fright of his life.

He Cheats Hotels!

LOOK out for William Osborne, one of the cleverest hotel thieves the police know.

Not only does he raid rooms at the hotels where he stays, but he also spoofs proprietors with worthless cheques.

More than thirty warrants have been issued for his arrest, but he slips through all the traps set for him.

The last heard of Osborne was that he was touring in the West of England in a saloon car with a smartly dressed woman.

Usually he poses as a doctor under various names, such as "Simpson," "Douglas," "Hammond" and "Immerson."

He is able to carry off this bluff fairly easily because he once worked in a chemist's shop.

At one town he stayed at the best hotel, telling the manager that he had been called to his father who was lying seriously ill in a local nursing home.

He hadn't time to change a cheque before he left. Would the manager oblige him?

He did.

It is always some such tale, told most convincingly.

Osborne has twice served sentences of penal servitude and several short terms for fraud, false pretences and theft.

The last time he came out of jail was in February.

Write to "John Bull" About it

SPECIAL DOSSIER

THE AMAZING MR. HEX

YOU won't recall Mr. James Hex offhand.

He has been something of a mystery since he went to live at Brook House, which stands in the valley below the Kentish village of Loose, near Maidstone.

Very soon the puzzle of his identity became a nightly topic at the local inns.

There were some amazing guesses, but even the most fantastic of them seem commonplace after hearing the astonishing first-hand information given to my representative by Mr. Hex himself.

Sitting by the log fire in his cosy lounge, he spoke of the days when he was in charge of a British Colonial island. The name did not seem to matter, and it was only in passing that he mentioned he had held high military rank at that time.

"I had to be ruthless then. Some of my men were getting out of hand . . . trouble with the native women.

"Only thing to do was to make an example, so I hung one man head downwards over a slow fire, with some explosive tied round his neck.

"He didn't suffer long, poor chap . . . and it was a fine lesson for the others . . . stopped the trouble, anyway."

These exciting memories came in between the most casual references to "my old friend Edward VII and the Kaiser." Hitler, too, is in his circle of intimate acquaintances, he says.

* * *

On the mantleshelf was a picture of Mr. Hex, resplendent in uniform. A sable cape hung from his shoulders and his tunic glistened with decorations.

"That was when I was in Austria. I had many friends at court."

My representative was anxious to hear more, but with a brusque "great days, those," Mr. Hex switched suddenly to his plan for dealing with criminals.

"Years ago I explained it to my dear friend the Chief Commissioner at Scotland Yard."

The idea is that for the first offence the criminal gets thirty lashes and is branded. Second offence: sixty lashes and another brand. Third offence: execution by gas!

"That would clean up crime in Britain in no time," said Mr. Hex grimly.

* * *

Perhaps this daring scheme was inspired by the motto "THINK BIG," in large letters, hung over the writing desk in his dining-room.

The walls are clustered with swords, daggers and armour. In fact, the whole house looks more like an antique shop.

He points to a small room overlooking a tiny lawn. "Cromwell and a few friends sat round the fire in that room and arranged the death of Charles I."

From a wall he took down a rapier. "Belonged to Sir Walter Raleigh . . . given him by Elizabeth."

A clay pipe is produced from a drawer. "Smoked by Raleigh."

In an alcove was a left-handed dagger. "Belonged to Philip of Spain."

Inevitably came the question: "But who are you really, Mr. Hex?"

At once Mr. Hex curls back into mystery.

But it is all rather silly, because it is not so long ago that Mr. Hex was openly calling himself Prince Charles Louis of Hapsburg-Lorraine-Bourbon.

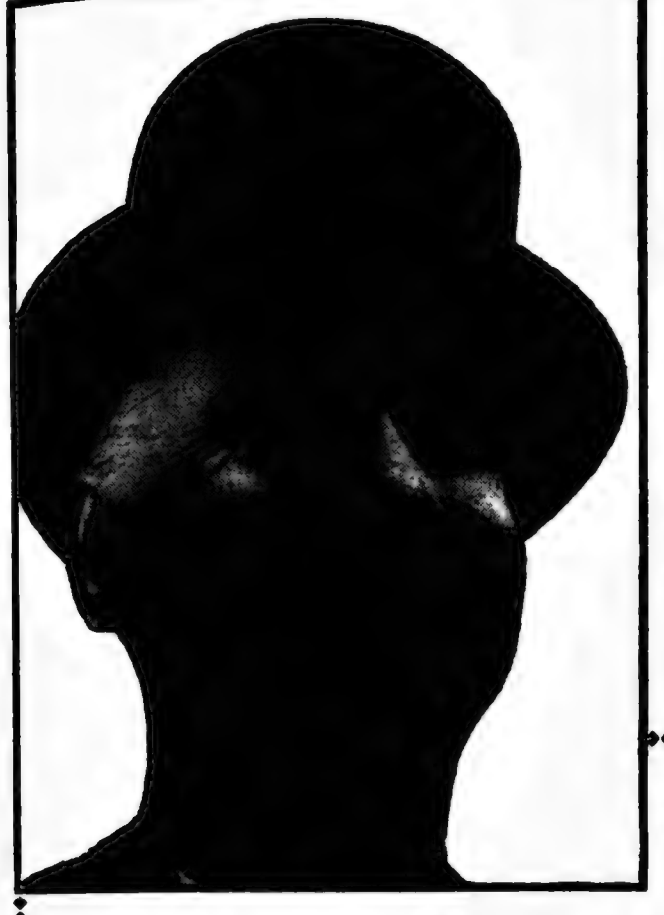
* * *

He then lived at Woodland Park, not far away from his present home, and used this Prince title nonsense to help in his business as an antique dealer.

When I remind you that his real name is William Reeves, you will recall him.

He was born at Hereford sixty-four years ago, and his father was a small watchmaker. His mother, before marriage, was a domestic servant.

All his stories are sheer imagination, like the many titles under which he has masqueraded.



● *Bill looks like a character from Dickens*

Old Bill's Bluff

EIGHTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD Bill Davey, rumbling along to Caledonian Market, London, in the ancient "growler" he uses as a stall, looked a romantic, Dickensian figure in the picture reproduced recently in a newspaper.

Claimed to be the oldest brush hawker in the trade, it was said that he had been in the market for fifty years.

It's almost a pity to spoil this idyll, but since Bill is up to his old trick of snaring a partner for £100 it must be done.

He has done the same thing in one form or another for many years, and there have been fairly frequent periods when Bill and his stall were missing from Caledonian Market.

Very unromantic, but that was when he was in jail.

Bill's latest advertisement appeared in a suburban paper.

Those who replied were offered a partnership in his brush business if they were prepared to invest £100.

They were assured that they could earn £4 a week and would receive an annual bonus of twenty per cent. on profits.

His brush works are in Library Street, Borough, London, S.E.

In the past men who have accepted similar offers have had unhappy experiences.

One elderly man spent £20 in obtaining judgment for the return of his £100, and he still hasn't received a penny!

Davey has been to prison three times in connection with this partnership ramp.

The first thing he did when he came out of jail on one occasion was to insert another advertisement in a local paper to try and trap fresh victims.

He has served other sentences for various kinds of frauds.

If old Bill likes to rumble along the Caledonian Road in his hansom cab and sell his brushes, no one will worry him much, but I am afraid he will be missing again from his beat if he keeps on with this partnership dodge.

This Takes the Cake

IT does not seem to have occurred to the Governing Director of The National Confectionery Industry, Ltd., of Regent Street, London, W., that even the most delicious concoctions grow stale.

His offer to show people—for a fee, of course—how to earn money by making confectionery at home is more than stale.

It was mildewed when last I criticised it some years ago.

* * *

But he thinks a little icing will cover up all that.

His latest letter begins:

Dear Mrs. ——,—I wonder why I have not heard from you again? Is it possible that our prospectus, "The Happy Way to Success," and my previous two letters have gone astray?

"You will notice that in a further effort to make this letter friendly I have taken the unusual course of using my personal letterhead rather than that of the firm."

To put this Governing Director, Mr. A. Goldsmith, out of his agony, I can tell him that his two previous letters and the brochure were thrown into the wastepaper basket—the right place for them.

The lone, spare-time worker, toiling at her kitchen table, has little chance of competing with the legion of established sweet-making factories.

Don't waste your £6 6s. on this correspondence course.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

this week is Mrs. C. Broadbent, of 13, Rotcher, Slaithwaite, near Huddersfield, who receives £1 1s. for helping me to retrace a ramp which, like so many others, is worked

ON THE EDGE OF THE LAW

ROBERT WILLIE GORMAN is busy again with his Institution of Motor Engineers.

He has left London and is working at an address in Bury New Road, Manchester, which he styles "Motor Engineers Building."

It has now a "Governing Council," and representatives or "hon. organisers" in London, Birmingham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Bradford and Belfast.

On the payment of a subscription, the Institution will grant a diploma of "Incorporated Engineer," together with the right to use a tail of letters behind one's name.

Fees vary, according to the grade of membership. Life membership can be bought for a lump sum down.

Says the Institution: "No connection with any other Motor Engineering Society."

Which is true enough. None of the recognised organisations of the industry would desire to have anything to do with the Gorman outfit.

* * *

Beware this Bookie

KEEP clear of Arthur John Flynn, Ltd., Bookmakers of Cavendish Square, London, W.

Many clients cannot obtain their money.

A branch office at Southampton closed down a short time ago because of debt. It opened up again, but now is shut once more.

The Turf Guardian Society has an interesting file about Arthur John Flynn the principal.

He was bankrupt in 1926 for a large sum, and did not secure his discharge until 1934.

Last year he ran a commission agent's business which ended after clients complained that they could not obtain winnings due.

* * *

Meet the "Professor"

MANY people are receiving circulars from "Professor" FitzGerald, of Ferndale Road, Clapham, London, offering to read the stars or forecast football pools at fees ranging from 6d. to 2s. 6d.

Since he says in each case that the name has been given to him by a friend, it is strange that his literature is addressed to "The Occupier," "The Manageress," and so on.

* * *

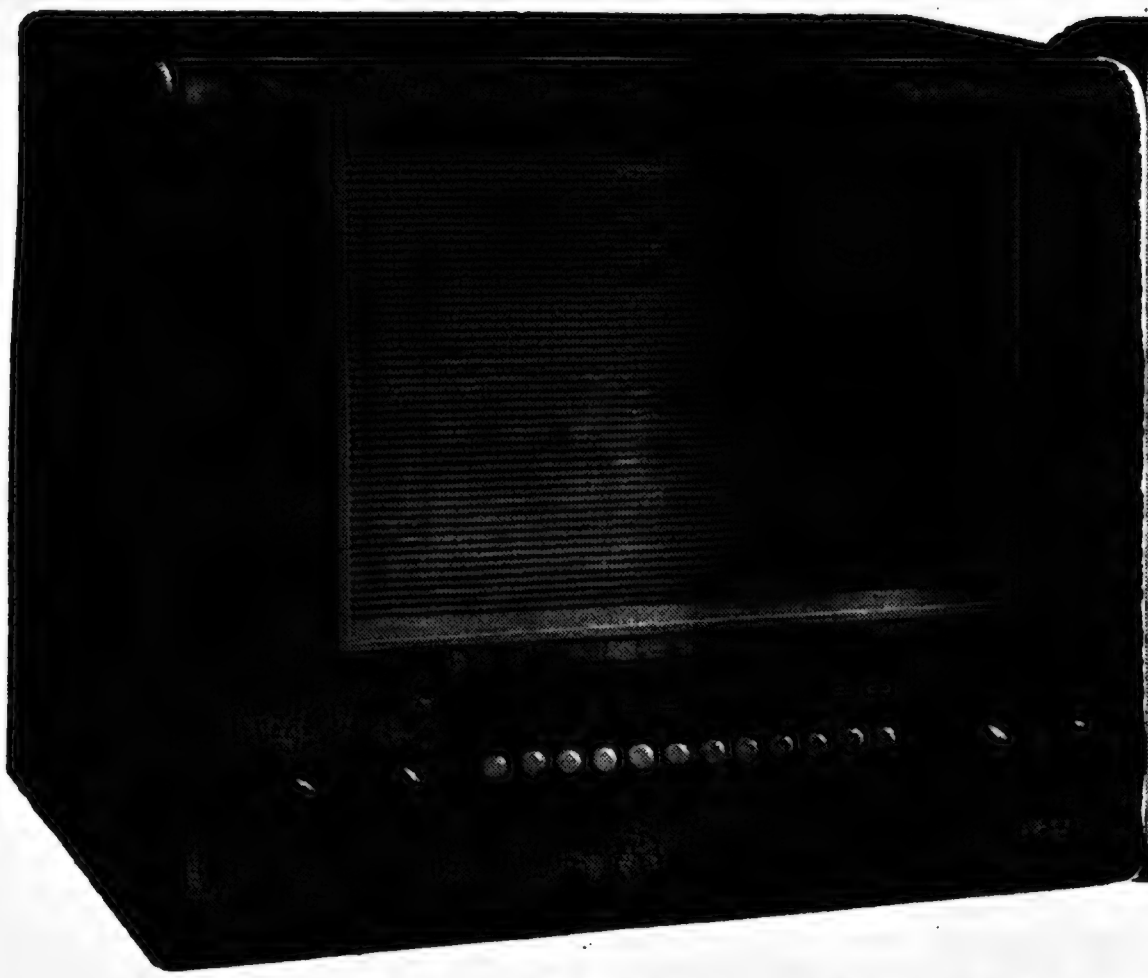
Snazelle and Son

TWO men, father and son, who have been tripping on the very brink of the law for years, have just been sent to jail for stepping just a little too far.

Oswald Harry Snazelle, the father, has been sentenced at the Old Bailey to fifteen months' imprisonment, and the son, Leonard, to eighteen months' for fraud.

Financiers they called themselves.

A few months ago I criticised an Air Raids Precautions ramp the son was planning to start, and before that I exposed Snazelle Senior as "The Building Boss of Straw."



Christopher Stone says

"It's a SUPER SET super-het"

... with 'Bush Button' and Push-Pull Output

WHEN you have heard this Bush model P.B.55 you will agree that Mr. Stone's is the only fitting description. And we do advise you most strongly to see it and hear it, for in the space available we can do no more than briefly list some of its 'super' features. Among these:—

Bush Button tuning perhaps comes first because the simplicity of tuning any one of your 8 favourite stations by the push of a button appeals to everyone. Of course, ordinary manual tuning is also provided.

Push Pull Output providing enormous reserve power gives a quality and purity of reproduction achievable in no other way.

Bush 'Teleflic.' The most simple solution to the short-wave logging problem, the 'Teleflic' gives every short wave station a definite number.

Magic Eye. Visual indicator for accurate tuning.

Extra H.F. Valve. For range on short waves.

Bass Compensation and Variable Selectivity give you an almost perfect solution to the problem of quality reproduction when receiving at different ranges.

So we could go on, but we must spare space to remind you that this is a Bush receiver, with the **reliability** the name stands for. Your Bush Dealer will enjoy showing you the P.B.55, and explaining, point by point, what wonderful value is offered by this new 7-valve all-wave superhet.

15½ GNS. CASH

or on popular payments.

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Please send me full details of Bush Button Models. Also name of nearest Appointed Dealer.

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Address.....

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G.B.S.—Man and Superman

He changed the world's thought. Now the world's thought cannot change him

HANNEN SWAFFER'S New Who's Who

"SOMETIMES I think Shaw will live for ever. The next minute I think he has been dead for years.

"G. B. S. is often a Cenotaph and a volcano at the same time. . . .

"How, except in Shaw, can a prophet be a clown?

"For decades Shaw fought the Battle of Debunker Hill every morning and won it every night.

"Shaw is often my God. Then I see the feet of clay.

"For a vegetarian he is the greatest cannibal who ever lived, and for a Pacifist he is the most violent fighter. He has stood on his head too long to stand for a minute on the top of a monumental column."

I wrote that, and a lot more, when Shaw was eighty, which was two years ago.

"Why do you always attack Shaw?" wrote people.

Actually, a month later, Shaw himself sent me what he called "a belated acknowledgment of your friendly and generous article. It was the best of the bunch."

Shaw, kindly as usual—for he is that in all his dealings—had made a friendly approach after years of silence

The last time we corresponded was twelve years before, when I invited him to a seance, and we exchanged postcards.

Stupid Notions

"I have given up table-turning since the days of my childhood," Shaw wrote.

"Now that you are approaching your second childhood," I replied, "I thought you might like another try."

Then, for twelve years, we did not correspond. Only once, in 1929, was the silence broken by controversy.

Writing about "The Apple Cart," which the world acclaimed, I said: "These are not the ideas of genius but the stupid notions of a little boy."

"Poor Swaffer!" commented Shaw.

"Shaw should have seen the first performance of 'St. Joan,'" I replied, "and then retired from the business of a dramatist.

"He had written the greatest play that has been written during our lifetime. His epilogue, with its unspoken plea for the martyrs of to-day, was sublime satire.

"When he had finished that, Shaw should have written 'Finis' to his career and then awaited the plaudits of Posterity.

"He does not know he is an old man. I must buy him a pair of carpet slippers and a nice long churchwarden pipe, which he must learn to smoke, and an ingle-nook, whatever it is, so that he can sit in it and warm his feet. His career is finished."

Well, so it was. Since then, Shaw has written seven plays.

I have not even taken the trouble to go to one of them. I am afraid it is what Hitler says, and not Shaw, that matters now.

Yet I bow in reverence, remembering many years of Shaw's past—his war against unpopularity, the price of fighting for the masses in days when we were all snobs, his courage, his originality.

Shaw changed the thought of the world. Now, the thought of the world cannot change him.

Yet this summer, at the age of eighty-two, Shaw—who is so paradoxical that nearly everything you write about him must contradict everything else—had a re-birth of youthfulness.

Disillusion

He wrote his first film, a talkie version of "Pygmalion," which once shocked England, and now has passed the Film Censor—yes, the word "bloody" and all!

Well, I remember that after I had accused Tree, who first staged "Pygmalion," of assuming the mantle of Irving and then trailing it in the mud, we met, Tree and I, at a fancy dress ball, both in costume, and debated it with a crowd of revellers standing around!

"Shakespeare said 'Be bloody, bold and resolute,'" said Tree.

"Yes, but he put a comma in," I replied.

That finished the argument.

Yet, in a recent correspondence, one in which we wrangled over politics, Shaw gave evidence of his own disillusionment.

"I note with great appreciation your work for the Labour Party," he said, "but there is something tragic about it, for its object is necessarily the pushing of Labour men into Parliament, which means for them what it has meant for Macdonald. . . .

"In Parliament, I should have been a back-row chorus man, allowed to amuse the House with a speech occasionally like Maxton, and never voting on any other issue except whether the Government or the Opposition should occupy the front bench.

"Can you wonder at my getting across them whenever I open my now nearly toothless mouth?

"However, you must keep hammering away as best you can. Your heart is in the right place. And if you will only make it an axiom that I am always right, you cannot go far wrong."

"No man of independent views," I replied, "and the Socialists must always have those, of all people, likes the ties of party.

"But we have to give up a good deal—all of us—to work out, however blunderingly, the future of the world.

"You, in the past, have been an inspiration to Socialists all over the world.

"You have illumined and encouraged and given them heart. Do not merely, in the winter of your years, carp and criticise.

"Even I could do that. We want of you one thing—that you give the world a great message of hope. Only you can phrase it. It might change the history of Europe."

No message of hope came. Shaw sees only the ruins of what we have all failed to do.

For years I have conjured up the figure of an old man, living on the top of a mountain, wondering about what to do with his wealth.

"What really is Shaw's attitude towards life and death?" I wondered.

"How long do you think you are going to live?" I therefore asked him this year.

"And how do you intend to leave your money?

"I have for years imagined you have written a will nearly as long as 'Back to Methuselah,' and that, knowing the responsibilities of wealth, you have been most careful in your bequests."

Shaw apparently thought that, when he died, that would be the end of him.

"I cannot tell you the exact date of my death," he replied.

"It has not yet been settled. When it is, I shall be settled too. You must be content to know that as I am in my eighty-second year, my number is up, and the cremation furnace may make an end of me at any moment, to the great relief of many worthy persons."

Road to Ruin

As for his will, which he had recently re-written, it was complicated by the fact that, as I had surmised, he did not know how much money he had. He was too busy collecting it for the Government!

Then Shaw disclosed that he was not going to leave money to any young people, because it was the surest way to ruin them.

Old people and widows and children, whose livelihood depended on the life of some owner of property, had been left annuities, and, when these were all met, in the far future, Shaw wanted his money to do "something for English speech and manners, for the science of phonetics, and for the methods of personal training which may be described as yogas.

"And how that can best be done is a problem which you are welcome to solve for me if you can."

Immortal

"You can balance yourself on the edge of an armchair rest," I told him, "stick your tongue at the back of your throat and breathe in like billyho, but never mind what you will, you cannot make your cremation the end of you.

"You will be turning up at one of my seances all right, only too anxious to say what is wrong with the world in which you find yourself.

"How on earth can you account for the fact that you have been developing yourself all your life into a highly evolved personality merely that when you catch cold or something, you can be wiped out—although nothing else can be wiped out, as chemistry proves?"

Well, Shaw has not caught cold yet. His enthusiasms temper his disappointments.

I last saw him laying the foundation stone of the National Theatre, failing to rise to the importance of the occasion, I thought, and then saying to me, when I asked him what play it should open with, "Much Ado About Nothing."

He said it with a smile. Yet, I am afraid it was true.

So much that he has striven for doesn't seem to matter now. . . .

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NOTICE

Dear Student,—

I am sometimes asked what precisely do I mean by the saying, "Once a B.C.S. always a B.C.S."? I will endeavour to explain.

I mean that when you have completed the study of a subject as a Bennett College Student, or have passed the examination for which we have coached you, you are not as ships that pass in the night, you do not merely pass into the great jangle of commercial activity which we call "Getting on in life." No, you are still our student, we still have an interest in you. We feel in a way responsible for your future, your ups and downs in life; we want to rejoice in your ups, and should you have any downs then we want to be of real help to you; and don't overlook the fact that a big organisation such as ours can be of help; therefore, once a B.C.S. always a B.C.S.

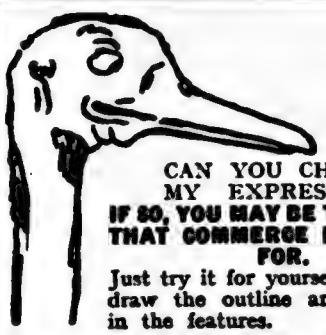
Our interest goes beyond the immediate objective, the success of this College is dependent upon the successful lives of our students. We wish to cultivate that spirit of mutual help throughout all the spheres of activity in which our students are likely to advance. Many thousands of "old B.C.S.'s" who were at one time employees are now employers. They will remember the thorough training they themselves received from us, and they will know that men trained by us can be relied upon. They will also recognise the indisputable fact that a man who studies his job is bound to be more efficient than those who do not. This is where that "Old B.C.S." spirit can operate.

The Bennett College is not limited to the teaching of one or two subjects. This College is Technical, Commercial and Scientific; and we have a huge staff, all experts, teaching the subjects in which they themselves hold the highest qualifications. Our staff are all full-time tutors; no student's work is ever sent out to be corrected by tired, spare-time tutors. All work is done on the College premises, and our staff of 197 enables us to attend to all homework the same day as it arrives. This is very helpful to a student, it enables him to keep in touch.

At this time of the year, you may have friends who are thinking of taking up postal studies on some subject or preparing for an examination. My personal advice is always at their disposal, free

Yours very sincerely,

J. H. Bennett



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Please send me (free of charge)

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PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

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.....

Here's an article which every woman should read. It forecasts a future when motherhood is made safe for all

"Motherhood is the greatest good news in the world . . ."

THE HOUSE OF MOTHERS

TWO thousand times a day, in this country alone, a woman tells her husband the oldest good news in the world.

"I'm going to have a baby."

It is tremendous news to them, whatever little fears and qualms they might have. It has been tremendous news right back through the pages of history.

There is a flurry of enthusiastic letters between relatives, and then, still with an air of announcing tremendous news to the world, a man and his wife set about making the necessary arrangements.

And now enthusiasm begins to suffer a setback.

We could quote thousands of letters testifying to that. Instead, we'll take three.

"After little more than one month of expectant motherhood, I have been informed at two homes that they are 'full up for all future bookings,'" writes a Kent mother.

"I have been met with a listlessness which suggests that it isn't very important whether the population continues to decline or not."

From a London woman comes the protest: "One hospital after another has appeared to be surprised that I should have the audacity to ask for accommodation.

"Everywhere the cry is: 'No room.' And nobody tries to find out for a woman who is obviously not feeling in an over-energetic mood exactly where there is room.

"I really begin to think there is some temerity on my part in daring to give expression to my desire to have a baby."

FINALLY, from a Buckinghamshire mother, this:

"We postponed having a baby until we could really afford to. At last we decided that the time had come.

"I started by trying the district nurses, but we have only two for the whole population, and I am told they have to work eighteen hours out of the twenty-four.

"Next I tried to get someone to live in for a fortnight, but that was impossible, too.

"After that I approached the maternity home, only to learn that they gave preference to people in rooms who couldn't have their babies at home.

"So, after many such setbacks, I went to a general hospital, where the terms were quite clearly and methodically laid down, 'provided there are no complications,' as I was quite pleasantly warned.

"Well, I have had the bill. As if all the preparation, baby clothes, etc., were not ruinous enough already, it has just about flattened out two hard-working people.

"For the hospital, five guineas a week, apart from such items as 7s. 6d. a week for the baby's washing.

"For the doctor, five guineas.

"No sign on our horizon of the people who are supposed to be striving might and main to make motherhood safer, cheaper and, because it is cheaper, within the reach of greater numbers of women."

No sign anywhere? Well, up and down the country there certainly are services—varying in their efficiency—for mothers and prospective mothers alike.

But a woman does not always know how to take advantage of them.

She feels "she doesn't know the ropes."

Because so many hundreds of thousands of expectant mothers don't know the ropes they hide themselves away from these services.

The ideal, as seen by such experts as Queen Charlotte's Hospital, the Mother Saving Council and other authorities, would be a co-ordination of all services for the mother-to-be, the mother, and the child.

A WOMAN would go straight from telling her husband the good news to Mothers' House, an institution which would be as much a part of her town as the town hall itself.

Her news would really be greeted as tremendous news there.

Mothers' House would steer her through all her early difficulties; in fact, teach her the *job* of being a mother.

She would first see her baby in a room of sympathetic colour schemes and designs—a room free from bacteria.

Then the time would come when she would leave her child to romp in the nursery section, while she herself learnt more on the subject of how to build up a healthy, sturdy citizen of the future.

A dream? Yes, it is a dream at the moment, certainly, but with the Ministry of Health, the Association of Medical Officers of Health, the Association of Maternity and Child Welfare Centres and other authorities showing more interest in it daily, it is not likely to remain a dream for long.

PLANS are already on foot to build a specimen Mothers' House.

And a complete model of one of these Universities of Motherhood will be shown at the forthcoming Woman's Fair at Olympia in November.

Months of preparation are going into that monster model. The finest experts are co-operating, happy to play their part in moulding the shape of things to come.

Mothers' House will exist to give every woman the essentials that now only the richest can buy.

The mother-to-be won't want to leave too quickly after her first visit.

On the ground floor she will want to see the waiting and reception rooms, designed to look as inviting as her own favourite room; the lecture hall where she will be taught all she wants to know before baby comes; and consultation rooms, dining rooms, recreation rooms, kitchens, laundries, stores completely devoid of any hospital atmosphere.

On the second, third and subsequent floors will be found sterilising rooms, sun balconies, bathrooms for mothers and for babies, rooms of artificial sunlight, everything a mother or baby is likely to require.

There will be one very cheerful room, a let's-see-you-at-your-brightest sort of room. In that, King Baby will make his first appearance in this world.

And the wards must certainly not be forgotten.

Metal furniture is best and safest for a ward, without a doubt.

Yet many mothers think that metal is frightening and prefer homely wood with its grain and polish.

So the ward furniture will be of metal made to look like wood.

And reminds us of another problem which looms up in every woman's mind—public ward or private room?

WELL, by a clever arrangement of screening, it has been made possible to give every mother the privacy of a room or the gossip and company of a ward at will.

Then there will be post-natal sections, where a mother who is busy during the day can leave her child in the most up-to-date nursery surroundings, with playgrounds and rooms where she can get to know everything about growing childhood.

That, then, is how the Mothers' House will be.

But how shall it be maintained?

There are many suggestions. Certainly the State should play its part.

Because it really *is* tremendous news for everybody when a woman says: "I am going to have a baby."

Present-day indifference should belong to the dark days.

RACE WITH "SILVER RING"

Can Fet Do it Again?

FET, Slip On and Black Speck have received significant support for the Cesarewitch, the first-named being touted as a really genuine proposition for the race on October 26. As a previous winner of the event, Fet commands respect, but Black Speck and Naval Display are more to my liking. However, money talks and there has been quite a bit laid out on Fet and Slip On, apart from Black Speck.

Toreador III, which I have previously mentioned as having a sporting chance, is quoted, at the time of writing, at 40 to 1. A small each-way investment in this connection should not be outside the possibility of financial return.

Carlisle makes more appeal than ever for the Cambridgeshire. The "books" offer 25 to 1 as I write, but this horse will be considerably shorter on the day, or I miss my guess.

Artist's Prince, which I have suggested as one to utilise in doubles, takes second place in the present Cambridgeshire betting to his stable companion, Hazel. But I do not see the last-named as a Cambridgeshire winner—Artist's Prince seems much more the type likely to do it. This one and Carlisle remain as my definite fancies.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, September 29, to Wednesday, October 5.

S O Y 97 L W F 94 M P Q C I 93 95 A
K X U Z R 98 96 G E D V B N H J T

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 98NBSRX98 would read WICKLOW. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted: 96RT98RMK2 would read FLAWLESS.

The GREA... of...

Propaganda. It is to-day more formidable than guns, more potent than bombs.

And every day it grows in virulence, spreads its evil tentacles further around the world.

The next few months will see its insidious progress accelerated, as half the countries of the world begin to demand their "rights."

You must be on your guard against the lies you will be told.

You must be ready to hunt for the truth amid the clamour of false counsels.

The lies will bear the guise of truth—and will be the greater lies for that.

We expose in this page some of the great falsehoods which worshippers of the evil god, Propaganda, are even at this moment spreading through the nations.

SEVENTY-FIVE million Germans have had it drummed into their heads that three million of their Sudeten brothers have been living in slavery, that their men have been butchered, their women assaulted, their children tortured.

Even while the Franco-British negotiations were at their height, every newspaper and radio station in Germany broadcast stories that Sudeten fugitives had been driven into blazing forests by the bayonets of Czech soldiers.

Lies. All lies.

One hundred and twenty million Germans, Italians and Spaniards have had it drummed into their heads that Franco flung Spain into civil war to crush out the Communist uprising.

They have been told of a document which gave full details of a "Red plot."

It is supposed to have been circulated by Franco to every chancellery in the world in justification of his action.

But, when questions were asked in Parliament about this document, the British Government denied any interest in it. A polite pointer that, in our view, it was a fake.

TWELVE million Arabs and countless more of their Moslem brethren believe that Britain is engaged on a vile plot to deprive them of their homes and to exploit them for the benefit of British capitalists and Jewry.

They believe also that the most sincere defender of Islam is Signor Mussolini.

They believe this because they have been told so for five years by the subsidised vernacular newspapers of the East and the nightly broadcasts from the Italian station at Bari.

Again, lies. All lies.

Kind, thoughtful Mussolini has given them a free radio set—which allows them to tune-in only to the anti-British station of Bari

And every day the spate of lies grows more gigantic. It is pumped out through the Press, over the air, by pamphlet, by word of mouth, and in cinemas.

Propaganda, that devilish weapon created during the last War, has come into its own in the time of Peace. It is being used to stir up hatred, fear and panic, to set nation against nation.

Let us watch the Lie Machine at work.

First, because the fate of Europe is in her hands, let us go to Germany.

Here we see a whole regime built up by propaganda.

Hitler laid the foundation when, with Roehm, he began to organise the Nazi Party in a Munich cellar. His creed is stated in the original version of his book, "Mein Kampf."

There he says "the bigger the lie the more readily will it be believed."

And how thoroughly the Nazi Party has lived up to that slogan.

In those early days in Munich Hitler saw a Germany in despond, its leaders and industrialists appealing only to ideals and ideas.

That astute and ruthless propagandist, Goebbels, knew that nothing welds a nation together so much as something to hate or fear, and that it must be given some object on which to blame its woes.

So while Roehm was training his workless youths and hooligans in street fighting, the Nazis were setting up propaganda bogies.

That old bogey, the "Red Menace," was one. The second the "Jewish Menace."

To discredit the Jews, Streicher resuscitated one of the foulest and the most despicable of all forgeries—the book called the "Protocols of Zion," a mad farrago which purported to prove Jewish aims of world conquest.

MATERIAL from this book was spread in pamphlet form and in the subsidised Press of Germany. For five years the Nazi organisation collected and spread every case and every scandal involving a Jew.

At the end of that time most Germans were ready to gnash their teeth at the mention of the word Jew.

Then Ludendorff came back and invented the counter-cry—the Nordic myth.

There is some irony in remembering that, during the War, Ludendorff signed a pamphlet addressed "To my Jewish Brethren," which was dropped in millions among the Galician Jewish regiments and areas of Russian Poland.

But it worked.

Then the group centred round Goering staged one of the greatest of all lies—the Reichstag fire.

There was the true simplicity of genius about that episode.

When, with Red scares, Jewish scares, the rubber truncheons and other terrorist tactics of the Party had exhausted themselves on the elections, there still remained a number of "Marxist" and other party seats between the Nazis and supreme power.

So the Reichstag, the German House of Commons, went up in flames.

The Communists were blamed by a screaming wave of Press and Radio propaganda.

A "culprit" was found, a half-wit foreigner who had once belonged to a mild Socialist group.

He was tried with every circumstance of publicity. He made a full "confession" and was executed.

At the will of an outraged country the "Communists," meaning every party which was not Nazi—went out and the Nazis, aided by Hugenberg, since cast to the wolves, went in.

Thereafter, with supreme control over all vehicles of thought and expression, the Reich lie machine really got going.

AN outstanding example was the story that shook the world a year after the Nazis came into power—the famous Hitler purge.

In that "purge" died Roehm and many other Party leaders, some of whom had been pioneers of the Nazi movement.

The world knows that those men and hundreds of their followers were "executed" because they had dared to question the will of the Fuhrer and of the new leaders who had risen to power.

But in Germany then, it was not possible to destroy men merely because they disagreed with items in Party doctrines.

So the foulest of all moral charges was laid against them. They had no place in the new "clean" Reich.

This technique was revived not long ago, when General von Fritsch, brilliant strategist and most respected of the German High Command, dared to question the Nazi Party's decision to occupy the Rhineland.

The world knows that that bluff came off. But the Party did not forgive Von Fritsch. Shortly afterwards he went.

All Germany wanted to know why. Every general officer commanding a division sent a "round robin" to the Fuehrer protesting against the forced resignation, and supporting Von Fritsch to the hilt.

SO the propaganda machine got busy. All Germany and the world were informed that the real charge against him was the same as that against Roehm and, later, against Germany's tennis idol, Von Kramm.

But the day of ruthless purges was over and Von Fritsch was too big a man to jail.

A few months ago, when Germany's next great venture began, Hitler personally appointed a Court of Honour which cleared Von Fritsch of all charges against him.

Since then, Goebbels and his henchmen have been busy concocting lies against Czechoslovakia. Hungary and Poland have joined in.

Posed pictures, stage-managed incidents, false reports of frontier clashes, atrocity canards—all are

EAT WAR OF LIES!

grist to the machine, all do their poisonous work.

Leave Central Europe and cross the Brenner Pass into Italy.

Benito Mussolini, ex-journalist and strike-breaker, knows a thing or two about propaganda.

In fact, his Lie Machine is no less effective than Hitler's.

His maxim, too, is to give his nation something to fear—and hate.

Once in power, the first thing he aimed at was control of the Press, the first Ministry started was a Ministry of Propaganda, so that the "Red Menace" could be built up further.

After that a steady stream of lies was poured out to bolster up national pride.

Thousands of young Italians died because of the fictitious Wal-Wal frontier clash and the mythical murders in Italian Somaliland, which led to the Abyssinian War.

Once that campaign was in progress, the courage of his troops was maintained by terrifying stories of Abyssinian barbarism and the treatment they would receive if they were captured.

Every detail of the slavery in Abyssinia and the public execution of criminals was broadcast to the world—with suitable additions.

HARDLY was the war over before Il Duce cast covetous eyes on Britain's possessions in the Near East. He took unto himself the title of Defender of Islam and started the Bari radio station to stir up Moslem feelings against this country.

Free wireless sets were distributed among the Arabian tribes, all with a fixed wavelength—the Bari wavelength.

The cost was colossal.

While the belated counter-propaganda of the B.B.C. consists of well-bred Arabic talks of the entertainment level of the fat stock prices, the Bari station gives the tented Bedouin what he wants—real Arabian music, folk songs homely and coarse, and the smuttier portions of some of his ancient literature.

Having secured his interest, the political poison is slowly distilled.

A commentary on this Arabian Nights Entertainment is the presence of tens of thousands of British troops in Palestine, who are fighting against terrorism.

"Stop anti-British propaganda" forms Annex 4 of the Anglo-Italian agreement. But that agreement is not signed yet.

Tragic Spain is not only a battlefield on which brother fights brother, but a battlefield for the warring lies of rival political doctrines.

Hitler, Mussolini and Franco in the cause of Fascism strain their imagination to discredit the Government forces as Communists.

Mussolini declares that his country intervened only on the arrival of Russians in Spain in October, 1926.

But there are photographs—genuine ones—of Italian aeroplanes which crashed in Morocco on their way to Spain ten days before the civil war broke out.

Guernica was the most terrible lie of all.

The deliberate massacre of hundreds of helpless women and children by the machine-guns of Franco's hired aeroplanes sent a shudder round the civilised world and inspired horrified protests from the neutral Powers.

That error had to be hurriedly corrected before all friends were lost to Franco's cause.

SO, in spite of the sworn testimony of Catholic survivors from that ruined town, and the dispassionate accounts of newspapermen like the *Times* correspondent, who were on the scene immediately after the raid, the most fantastic untruth was circulated.

Franco announced that Guernica had been deliberately dynamited by its Basque citizens.

And, using every device of religious and political sponsorship, that incredible story has been floated into this country and across the world.

Japan and China have not been slow to seize on the weapon of propaganda which they have seen so ably used in the West.

They have aimed to influence America more than the European Powers.

China pleads her cause honestly, asks for justice and sympathy.

Japan, the invader, seeks to justify her lust for empire with all the trappings of faked atrocities.

The hoary old Red Menace—having this time as base the existence of Chinese Communist armies in the North—was magnified and the fact ignored that China's military advisers have been German and the firm of Krupps her greatest supplier of arms.

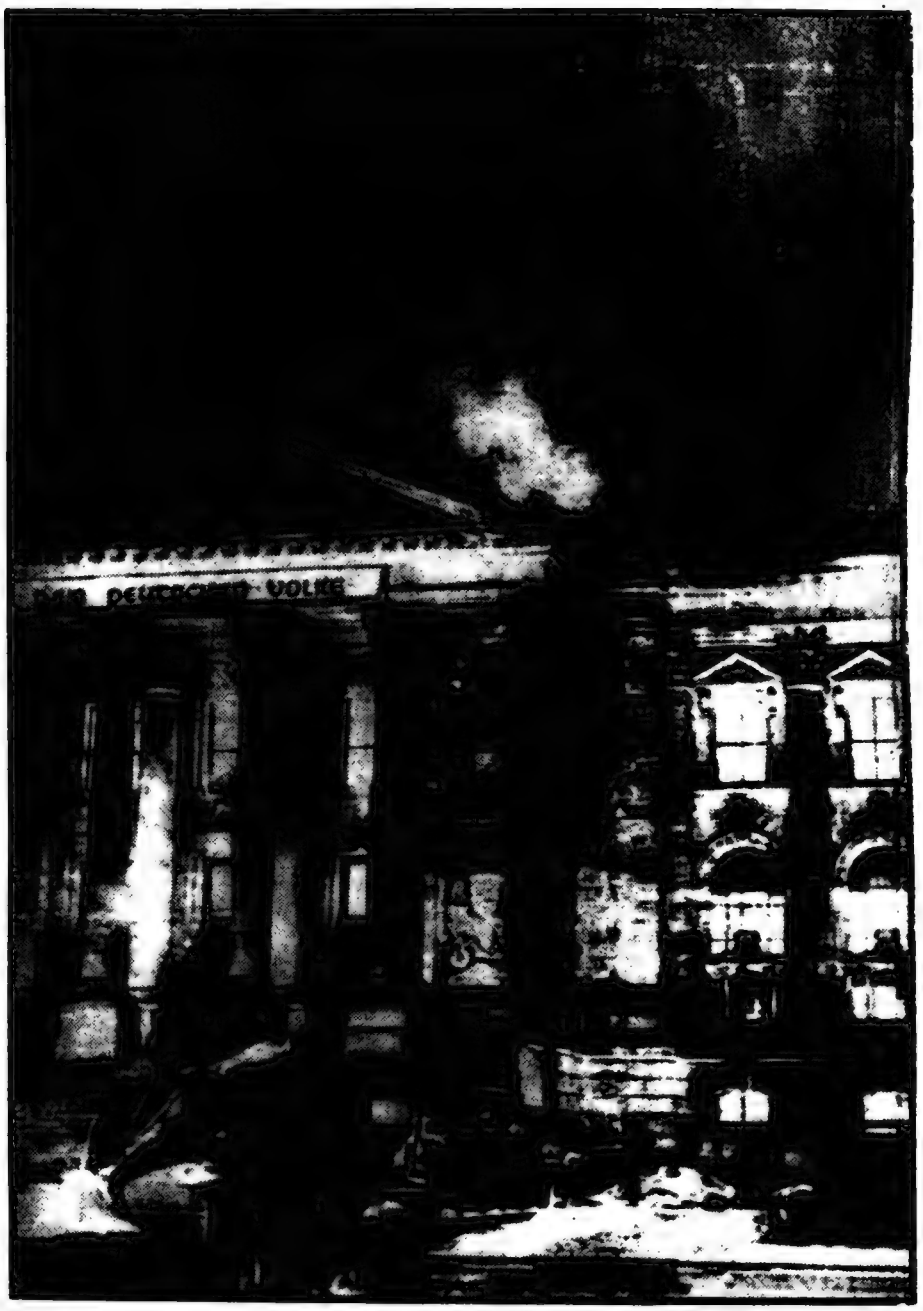
This is not the place to discuss the mechanics of the Lie Machine—subsidised news agencies which supply a service to world newspapers far below the actual price, the deliberate mistranslation and sponsored radio which makes the thoughts of the operators the thoughts of the people.

But we ought to look into its history.

Like many another evil, it was born during the Great War. We did our share in the creation of this Frankenstein.

REMEMBER how millions in this country believed that German soldiers made a practice of crucifying Canadian prisoners and impaling Belgian babies on bayonets.

The British Government has long ago admitted that the "crucified Canadians" was a lie, and it stopped the Ottawa memorial which was to perpetuate the canard.



Rubber truncheons failed to exterminate the German Communists. So the Nazis accused them of firing the Reichstag—and let popular indignation do the rest

It was the Allies who first saw the value of propaganda as a kind of "fifth column" which could penetrate within an enemy frontier and destroy morale, and at the same time maintain the fury which would secure for us a victory in the field.

We began it with the French vote in 1914 of thirty million gold francs for a Maison de la Presse. We ended in 1918 with a huge machine which had roped in the Intelligence Service and was employing more than 25,000 experts in every field of human thought and expression.

BUT we also learned a lot from the Central Powers. It was their propaganda tactics—one simple trick—which smashed the Italian lines at Caporetto, not German and Austrian guns.

The story is worth repeating to-day to show the value of the organised lie.

In 1917 there were riots in Northern Italy and a mob was fired on in Turin.

The German Intelligence Service got the news of it together with much authentic detail, such as the names of the people killed, the names of the streets where rioting took place, the police officials who suppressed the trouble, the hospitals to which injured were taken.

These facts were "beaten up" and highly coloured. They were then printed in forged editions of the Italian newspaper *Corriere della Sera*, which were deluged into the Italian trenches.

Result—thousands of Piedmontese troops deserted to go back home and see what the Government was doing to their families.

Other provincial troops followed. Then the Germans struck at the demoralised remainder who were holding the line.

Yes, that taught us a lot.

Nobody knows what the Allies spent on building up their propaganda machine.

What we do know, however, is that a huge staff was engaged for two years after the war cataloguing the achievements of our Ministry of Information and recording, for future use, the precise methods and organisation required for bringing those results about.

War proved that in a national crisis you can control the thoughts of the masses as easily as their persons or property.

To do it you must have a strict censorship to create a void in the news, and expert propaganda to fill that void, making the crudest of appeals to emotions like fear, envy and hate.

Only in the atmosphere of a free Press is it impossible for propaganda to survive.

Three hundred years ago, John Milton, protesting against the first attempt at censorship in this country, told the Commons that a restricted Press "is like those dragon's teeth which, being sown, spring up armed men"

His words are being proved deadly truth to-day.

HE BLUFFED A KILLER

Gantt decided to try out a gigantic bluff. He went to Alford's cell. "You know why you're here, don't you?" he asked

MASTERPIECES OF DETECTION

By Louis C. S. Mansfield,

Famous Private Detective

SHERIFF TOM GANTT flipped rapidly through the pages of his morning paper while he gulped down another cup of steaming coffee. He looked at the date-line—March 15, 1933.

Like most busy men, the Sheriff likes to read at breakfast. Like most wives of busy men, Mrs. Gantt doesn't like it.

She was just telling him so when the telephone-bell interrupted.

"Hullo! Is that you, Gantt?" came the worried voice of G. F. Milligan, Forest Superintendent of the Jackson Lumber Company at Lockhart, of Covington County, U.S.A.

"Will Turberville, our Head Forester, has been murdered! Yeah, murdered!" He was bashed about the head and he's been shot twice.

"Get dressed and I'll pick you up in the car in about ten minutes!"

When Gantt and Milligan arrived at the scene of the murder they found Turberville's body lying a few yards over the County Boundary Line.

Sheriff J. A. Driver, of Geneva County, in whose territory the body lay, was already there.

"Oh, hullo, Gantt," greeted Driver. "I've not found out much, except that Turberville was struck down with an axe somewhere else, brought here, and then shot twice just to make sure he was dead.

"You see, the main neck arteries are severed and that would mean a lot of bloodstains—but there's hardly any blood round here at all.

Raising Turberville slightly, Gantt saw that one of the bullets had travelled clean through the body into the ground.

Groping in the dirt he recovered a steel-jacketed slug: "Out of a .32 automatic," he commented to Driver.

Under the finger-nails of Turberville's right hand he saw a number of tiny pieces of skin, suggesting that the dying man had clutched at someone's face.

On the soles of his boots there were a few tiny spots of whitish dust like sand-clay.

Casting around the scene, he discovered the dead man's spectacles resting on a burned stump. Caught on a jagged part of the frame he discerned two or three threads of wool fibre.

Not far away, he found a torn scrap of printed paper, which appeared to be part of a Convict's Probationary Release Certificate.

However, the fragment was too small to identify anything definite about it, such as a name, number or date.

A little further away he came across a large square of rubber attached to a handle—the implement foresters use to beat out fires.

CLEARLY imprinted across the rubber was the impression of a diamond-tread type.

From the tracks it seemed that the car had turned from the centre of a small road near by, run over the flap, and then halted beside the spot where the body was found.

"I wonder if that fire flap belonged to Turberville?" Gantt asked Sheriff Driver.

"I see all the grass and trees are burned as if there's been a fire here within the past forty-eight hours."

"I don't know about the flat," came the answer. "But there's certainly been a fire.

"Someone touched off the woods yesterday afternoon, and Turberville's crew—that's Jackson, Anderson, Cantaline, Mason and Jordan—spent several hours beating it out.

"That's why Turberville was here. He suspected there was a fire-raiser at work.

"He sent Mason over to the Seven-Mile-Peg to set off a number of old stumps in the hope that the fellow who started the blaze would think they had gone there and come back to light it up again!"

"Did he?" Gantt whistled softly.

"Yep, he did!" said Driver.

"But they didn't get the fire-raiser.

"About nine o'clock last night they noticed someone in the woods with a light.

"But when they chased him, he disappeared.

"From what I can make out, Turberville waited for Bill Jordan, who was to come past and pick him up in his car about ten o'clock."

Gantt spent the next few days attempting to locate anyone who had been seen near the scene of the crime at the material time.

He was still at this work when Forester Bill Jordan came to see him.

"You know, Sheriff," Jordan said. "I was supposed to have picked Turberville up in the car that night.

"But I didn't see hide nor hair of him when I came past.

"Well, you know the doctors found a large bruise on his right leg—the one that was sticking out nearest the road?

"IT'S occurred to me that if he was lying there like that when I came along I could easily have run over him!"

"Surely you couldn't do that without seeing the man?" said Gantt.

"It's quite possible. There'd been a hefty fire there in the afternoon, and the whole place was still so thick with smoke that I couldn't see more than three feet in front of me!"

Gantt telephoned this news through to Driver, who came over immediately:

"I think we ought to see your car, Jordan," said Driver when he arrived. "Where's it parked?"

When the forester showed them the two officers were surprised to find the car was fitted with diamond-tread tyres.

They also noticed that one of the wings was bent.

When he saw this Driver's eyes gleamed.

"Now, tell me the truth, Jordan," he said. "Isn't it true that you ran over Turberville and killed him, accidentally or otherwise?

"Then, not sure whether he was dead or not, you took Turberville's own revolver from his pocket, shot him through the heart and disposed of the gun later?"

"NO, it isn't," replied Jordan. "I didn't have anything to do with killing him!"

"We'll see about that!" snapped Driver. "You're free to go now. But, take my tip and don't try to move out of the neighbourhood!"

When the still-protesting Jordan had gone, Gantt turned to the other man: "What makes you think Jordan might've done it?" he asked.

"And what's this about Turberville having a gun on him?"

"Didn't you know he always carried a .32 automatic?" asked Driver.

"Well, he did. He was carrying it that evening. But we can't find it anywhere now.

"And one of my men discovered that Jordan had a terrible row with Turberville only a short time before the killing.

"We've found one or two other things which point in his direction, too. But I can't disclose them at the moment.

"As a matter of fact, the District Attorney is already considering Jordan's arrest for the murder!"

"I think he'll be making a big mistake if he does," said Gantt.

(Continued on page 24)

AH, NOW I CAN SEE—YOU'VE GOT A DRYDEX REFILL BATTERY
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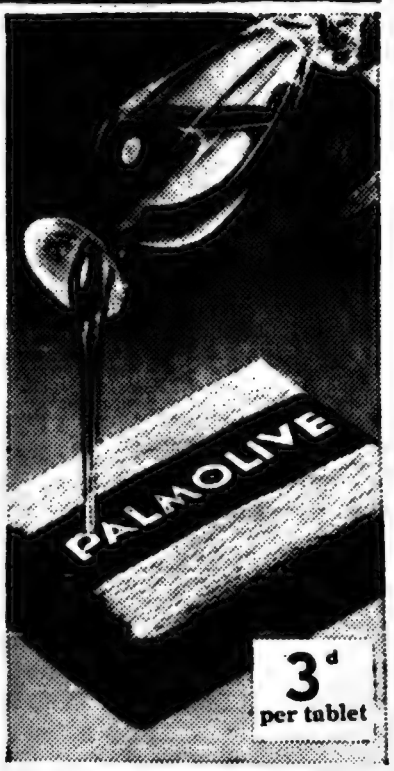
THREE WEEKS LATER



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WHY SOME CHILDREN PUT ON WEIGHT FASTER THAN OTHERS

Nearly all children are given cod liver oil tonics in winter, to build up their bodies and protect them against illness. Then why do some children thrive better than others?

PRACTICALLY every mother knows that children *must* be given a cod liver oil tonic in winter, to help them to put on weight, and to protect them against coughs, colds and epidemics.

Then why is it that, although almost every child is given cod liver oil, some children put on weight much faster than others and are much more free from colds?

A famous Medical Research Body gives the answer: *The children who put on weight fastest and are safest against infection are those who get cod liver oil in its most digestible form.*

"Only when cod liver oil is given in the white, creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion," says this Research Body, "can children wholly digest the oil, and get all the body-building goodness they need."

FOUR GOOD REASONS WHY YOUR CHILD'S COD LIVER OIL TONIC MUST BE SCOTTS BRAND EMULSION

1. Ordinary cod liver oil is difficult for your child to digest. Most of it passes straight through the child's system and is wasted.
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3. Scotts Brand Emulsion helps your child's digestive juices. Thus it ensures that the body gets more nourishment out of food.
4. Scotts Brand Emulsion also contains hypophosphites of lime and soda to help in building up your child's bones and teeth.

Next time you are ordering a winter tonic for your child, remember that only Scotts Brand Emulsion has these four advantages.

The other boys used to call him "Skinny"

"MY BOY used to be a great worry to me," writes a Leicester mother. "Every winter since he was a baby I'd given him a cod liver oil tonic, but still he kept catching colds, and became pale and peaky—the boys at his school used to call him 'Skinny.'

"Then I decided to try giving him Scotts Brand Emulsion, for a change—and a real 'change' it was. He gained five pounds last winter, and he didn't catch a single cold."

Follow this mother's example—put your child on a course of Scotts Brand Emulsion today!

What Made His HAIR GROW?

Read His Letter for the Answer.

"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head.

"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko.

"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair which has been perfect ever since and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of KOTALKO who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff, or aided new, luxuriant hair growths.

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Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

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.....

He Bluffed a Killer

"The way I've got it worked out is that Turberville was killed by an ex-convict, who must have been released only a short time ago.

"I know it's your job and I've got no right to butt in. But, if I were you, I'd check up on every ex-convict who was released lately, and find out whether or not his face is scratched.

"You might get something that way!"

But Driver would not agree.

Gantt thought no more about the matter until April 14—the day on which he received a warrant for the arrest of Jordan on a charge of Wilful Murder.

That really upset him. He felt certain that Driver was making a terrible mistake, and, after Jordan had been clapped into the cells, he started out on his own line of enquiry.

From Turberville's wife he learned that the murdered man *had* carried a .32 automatic.

She even pointed out a stump which her husband had used for target practice. Gantt dug several slugs from this with his knife and carried them back to his own office.

"Say, Driver," he said when he had called the Geneva Sheriff on the telephone. "Just for my own curiosity, I'd like to have a look at the clues in the Turberville case.

"Do you mind my examining the slugs from the body? I'd like to have some specimens of the dirt you took from under his fingernails, too.

"And I'd also like to examine his boots and spectacles!"

"Sure. Help yourself," said Driver. "I don't know what you're aiming at. But, you're welcome just the same!"

GANTT set to work. When he compared the slugs from the victim's body with those from the stump he was forced to admit they had been fired from the same gun.

Turberville *must* have been shot with his own automatic.

Then Gantt turned to the whitish clay dust on the dead man's boots. Turberville *must* have been in the vicinity of the camp colony shortly before he was killed.

On examining the spectacles, he found that the woollen fibres adhering to the frame were of the "pepper-and-salt" variety.

Evidently someone had carried the glasses in the pocket of a tweed jacket.

Continuing his investigations, Gantt dismantled the frame and examined the dust from the interstices.

The upper layer of this proved to be composed of biscuit dust and grains of cocaine.

Finally, the tiny pieces of skin from under Turberville's fingernails proved to be facial skin with three or four soft, downy hairs attached.

When seen under the microscope they were of a lightish colour.

The *medulla*, or central pith, was beginning to break down.

Armed with all this information, he telephoned Driver.

"Look here," he said. "You're making an awful bloomer.

"Jordan couldn't have done that killing.

"The man who killed Turberville was an ex-convict on probation. He's got light-coloured hair and skin and, judging from the condition of the *medulla*, is about twenty-four or twenty-five years old.

"He's a dope addict also. If you look for a man of that sort you'll have the killer. You'll probably find him around one of those camp colonies!"

However, Driver was not much interested: "We've got the right man," he answered. "Don't you make any mistake about that!

"As for the dust and all the brilliant deductions, how do you know Jordan didn't have someone helping him. We think he must have. His confederate *might* be your ex-convict. But Jordan's the killer right enough!

"We'll worry about the other man later!"

DESPITE their apathy, Gantt kept on working, but months dragged by without result.

On February 27, nearly twelve months after the murder, Bill Jordan was tried at the Geneva County Court and sentenced to death in the electric chair.

Although Gantt appeared at the trial on the prisoner's behalf and outlined all his discoveries, the Court took no more notice of him than did the authorities.

Yes, they admitted, the mythical ex-convict *might* have been a confederate. But Jordan was the killer.

Two months later Jordan appealed against the conviction on the grounds of misdirection. The appeal was dismissed.

Then he appeared on a motion demanding a retrial of his case. The new trial was denied and sentence confirmed.

While the legal battle was going on, Gantt was straining every nerve to locate his suspect.

Regularly once a month he sent out hundreds of police circulars asking for information. But none came.

It was not until the condemned man was within a few days of the "chair" that the luck turned.

One morning a deputy came into Gantt's office.

"Say, chief," he said, "there's a chap, named Alford, in the cells whom you might like to see.

"He was arrested in Florida on a warrant issued by Constable Tom Hart, of our district. Hart wants him for grand larceny!"

"What's so strange about that?" demanded Gantt.

"Just this," retorted the other. "When we charged him with grand larceny he called us a pack of liars. He reckons that we pinched him for the *Turberville killing*!"

Gantt dashed down to the cells immediately.

Sure enough, the man fitted his description of the suspect.

But Alford was far too shrewd to talk.

However, Gantt knew a trick worth two of that.

He ordered the jailer to show Alford special privileges, such as giving him extra dainties and slipping him cigarettes on the quiet, to build up the man's confidence.

Meanwhile, he checked Alford's past history and found that he had been released from Kilby Prison, on probation, on March 17—*the day before the murder.*

From Kilby, Gantt traced him to a town in Covington County where he had met another ex-convict, Charles Council.

Council had arranged for the two of them to go to the camp colony for a few weeks, and, in preparation, had bought Alford a pair of sports trousers and a tweed jacket.

The two of them had gone to the colony, but they had both disappeared from there the day after the Turberville killing.

Gantt decided to try out a gigantic bluff.

He went to Alford's cell. "You know why you're here, don't you, Alford?" he asked.

"Of course, the Grand Larceny charge is only a fake. We want you for First Degree Murder!

"We've arrested Council. He reckons you killed Turberville. He's told us more than enough to convict you!"

Alford was silent for a moment. Then, he swallowed hard. "That's right," he said quietly. "I killed him! But Council made me! If I go, he goes too!"

THE ex-convict spent the next two hours describing in detail how Turberville had come to the camp colony and accused Council of setting fire to the forest.

Alford said: "Council handed me a butcher's cleaver, and said: 'Here, knock Turberville over the head with this! If you don't, we're sunk.'

"After I did that, we took the body and dumped it along the road where it was found.

"We thought he might be still alive so Council made me shoot him twice with a revolver we found in his pocket.

"The gun is hidden in a small clump of bushes behind the cook-house at the colony.

"That bruise on Turberville's foot was caused by the seat of Council's car. We couldn't quite get him in, and we had to tuck one leg under the seat. Every time we went over a bump, the springs came down on it!"

In less than thirty hours, Gantt traced Council to Geneva County where, strangely enough, he was being held on a charge of killing a policeman.

With Alford's confession in hand, the Supreme Court granted Jordan a new trial. He was freed.

Alford and Council were sentenced to life imprisonment.

Ex-Insp. W. C. Gough

How did Chief Inspector W. C. Gough of the C.I.D. "crack" the case of the Wimbledon Common murder? Louis C. S. Mansfield describes Inspector Gough's investigations in the last of this great series next week

The Human Machine

Find what You Want

THERE are two ways of going through life, whether in our own homes or in the outside world; we can either look for trouble, or for happiness.

And mostly we shall find what we look for.

From the plainest of plain John Citizens to the greatest man in the world, this is a lesson we can all learn.

We all suffer wrongs. We can't dodge them. But we needn't always assume that these wrongs are intentionally inflicted.

It is that easy and fallacious assumption that causes half the world's troubles.

Any fool can flare up and lash out under the smart of wounded vanity. But only fools do—for human relationships are far more easily broken than repaired.

It may not be easy to achieve happiness, but it is not so hard to avoid creating unhappiness.

If you find yourself about to be involved in a quarrel, put your tongue between your teeth and walk away.

If you refuse to quarrel, no one can quarrel with you.

And never, under any circumstances, allow yourself to be drawn into a slanging match.

You can leave that sort of thing to people who have no self-respect.

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And once you've formed that habit, you'll soon discover how irresistible friendship is.

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Missed an open goal—sad to relate
He turned very red
When somebody said

SOME RHYMES:
Bait, abate, await, abdicate, adequate, advocate, agitate, compensate, date, debate, delicate, deprecate, elate, educate, fate, gate, great, hate, inflate, irritate, late, mate, plate, rate, skate, sedate, slate, state, straight, stimulate, translate, tolerate, wait.

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LOTTERY Ticket

My Strangest Experience No. 5

By Frank Swinnerton

novelist and critic

"WHEN I'm rich!" That was what Peter Snow used to say.

"When I'm rich, I'll——"

His short-sighted eyes would close; he would pull his beard; he would fall into a dream.

He never had any money; but he was always, in imagination, spending fortunes.

"I shall build a house down here, with a studio. I'll stand every child, every dog, every cat in this town a full meal. They'll bark and miaow at the memory of it for years."

"This damned town" was Saint Jacques, down in the warm South, where young writers and artists—chiefly artists—gathered to work and live cheaply in the sun; and the dogs and cats and black-pinafored kiddies used to squat about on doorsteps and in little scraps of shadow all day long.

● *"Now I'm rich," Peter shouted, "I'm going to show them that I'm their friend."*

And with that, walking between us, he led the procession.

They all looked half-starved. And I doubt if Peter himself ever had enough to eat.

Poor chap, his best hours were spent at the charge of his remittanced friends; but he gave everything he had, and when offered a hunk of bread, some sour local cheese, and a pint of equally sour and local pink wine he transformed the meal into a banquet.

His lips smacked, his eyes shone, he sang for joy. He also blinked at a vista of wealth.

Then, the feast ended, he strode gauntly off, clutching his beard—which was like a gigantic, reddish bath sponge—his brigand's cloak sweeping behind him, his mouth open in simple-minded ecstasy.

"Wait till I have a slice of luck! When I'm rich, I'll show you how to live!"

HE could never have hoped to live by his painting. I have seen one or two of his flabby, foggy landscapes in private collections, where they were always killed by the nearest good thing in their own line.

No, he believed his fortune was coming to him by chance. It was to be by way of the tables, it seemed; or by some other earthly miracle.

He was a child, and we all loved him. But he made us laugh by his confidence.

Well, Peter is dead now. We shall no longer see him returning from an expedition, his clothes and boots and beard covered with white dust, his easel under one arm, his lustrous eyes glowing.

The dogs no longer slink at his heels, and the scavenging cats do not pause among the dirt and flick up their tails at the sound of his voice.

The kiddies shout no greetings, and the ancients who then watched their youngsters playing bowls in the gutters of the rue de Berny have passed to their graves.

St. Jacques has a couple of Casinos and a plage. An hotel with three names such as Miramar-Magnifique-Splendide, surrounded by imported North African palms and decorated with balconies, stands overlooking the town.

All is changed. But as I think of those old days I can still see Peter in movement, and still hear his fervent promises.

"When I'm rich!"

What confidence he had!

It was one evening in the spring or autumn of 1910 that saw the beginning of the episode I shall describe.

Another Englishman, Charles Harvey, and I were sitting alone in Harvey's apartment, smoking and yarning, when we heard Peter's voice in the street below.

He was calling up to us. We both went to the window and chaffed him; and then he came upstairs with a swirl of draught.

His eyes were brighter than ever. (I always wondered whether the fogginess of his painting was due to shortsightedness), and his voice every now and then rose uncontrollably to a furious squeak like that of a boy of fourteen.

"IT'S begun," he said.

"Eh? What's begun?" we both demanded.

"My luck!" His arms rose triumphantly in the air. "I'm just back from Monte Carlo. I stayed there last night. I won seventy pounds at roulette——"

We whistled. In those days seventy pounds was indeed a small fortune.

"Show us!"

He waved off our extended hands.

"Oh, I've spent it all. I staked over and over again on the nine. At one time I'd got nearly a hundred——"

We laughed incredulously. A hundred!

"And then you woke up!" we said. He was irritated. "Pah!" he cried impatiently.

"I admit I lost it. I know I did. I was intoxicated with success. I thought perhaps this is my Day. I went on the seven. Seven, seven—no good; then nine again.

"NINE, you see! I got back what I'd lost. Ha! I was terribly excited. I kept on the nine; but I'd lost contact with Fortune. When I was down again to fifteen pounds I stopped. I had a sudden idea."

"An idea!" we chorused. "Cold feet!"

He ignored us.

"A lottery ticket. For the great lottery. Two hundred and fifty thousand francs, my boys. Over nine thousand pounds. It was an inspiration. I hurried away. And I'm going. My word, when I'm rich——"

He stamped about the room, which suddenly became too small for his strides.

Money flew from his tongue. He would do this and this and this; build a cottage with a real studio, paint masterpieces, have a fortnight in Paris, a cellar, a bicycle; give a feast in the open air, with broken meats for the cats and dogs, wine for the ancients, a new set of bowls for the loungers, and so on.

He would be the patron of Saint Jacques. The Town Hero.

In vain did we point out that counting chickens before they were hatched was the occupation of a loon.

He waved us off. He knew. He knew everything. The number of his ticket was a magic number, fifteen thousand and nine. Didn't we understand? The nine was crucial.

(Continued on page 28)

What's all this 'ere?

—Some dog scratching?

Give him

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

By purifying the blood, it cures and prevents skin irritation, loss of appetite, listlessness and other doggy ailments. Try some to-day and note the immediate change in his condition.

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But Mrs. J. was not the one to put up with that. She heard about the splendid Spa treatment at home, and at once tried it. Listen to the outcome. "Thanks to Fynnon Salt," she writes in high spirits, "I am now quite fit. I have lost 9 lbs. of ugly fat, and enjoy the best of health. I would not be without Fynnon Salt and have no hesitation in recommending it to my friends."

It really is remarkable what a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water every morning can do in cases like this. Fynnon, you see, is more than a Rheumatic remedy. Its Spa water elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium—"Nature's Salts of the Earth"—enliven the sluggish organs, rinse away fatty acids and poisons, and cleanse the blood-streams. That's why you soon feel and look a different person! Large tins, 1/3, at all Chemists.

HOLLYWOOD BROKE HER HEART

THE SAME OLD STORY -"NOTHING TODAY"!
BETTY, I KNOW THEY'VE TALKED ABOUT YOU FOR A PART IN VAN BRUN'S NEW PICTURE--
BUT SO MANY STARS ARE FUSSY ABOUT BAD BREATH ON THE SET THAT— I WISH YOU'D TALK TO YOUR DENTIST!
TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.
LATER THANKS TO COLGATE'S
GOOD WORK, BETTY! YOU'LL BE PLAYING FEATURED ROLES SOON!

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The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 23

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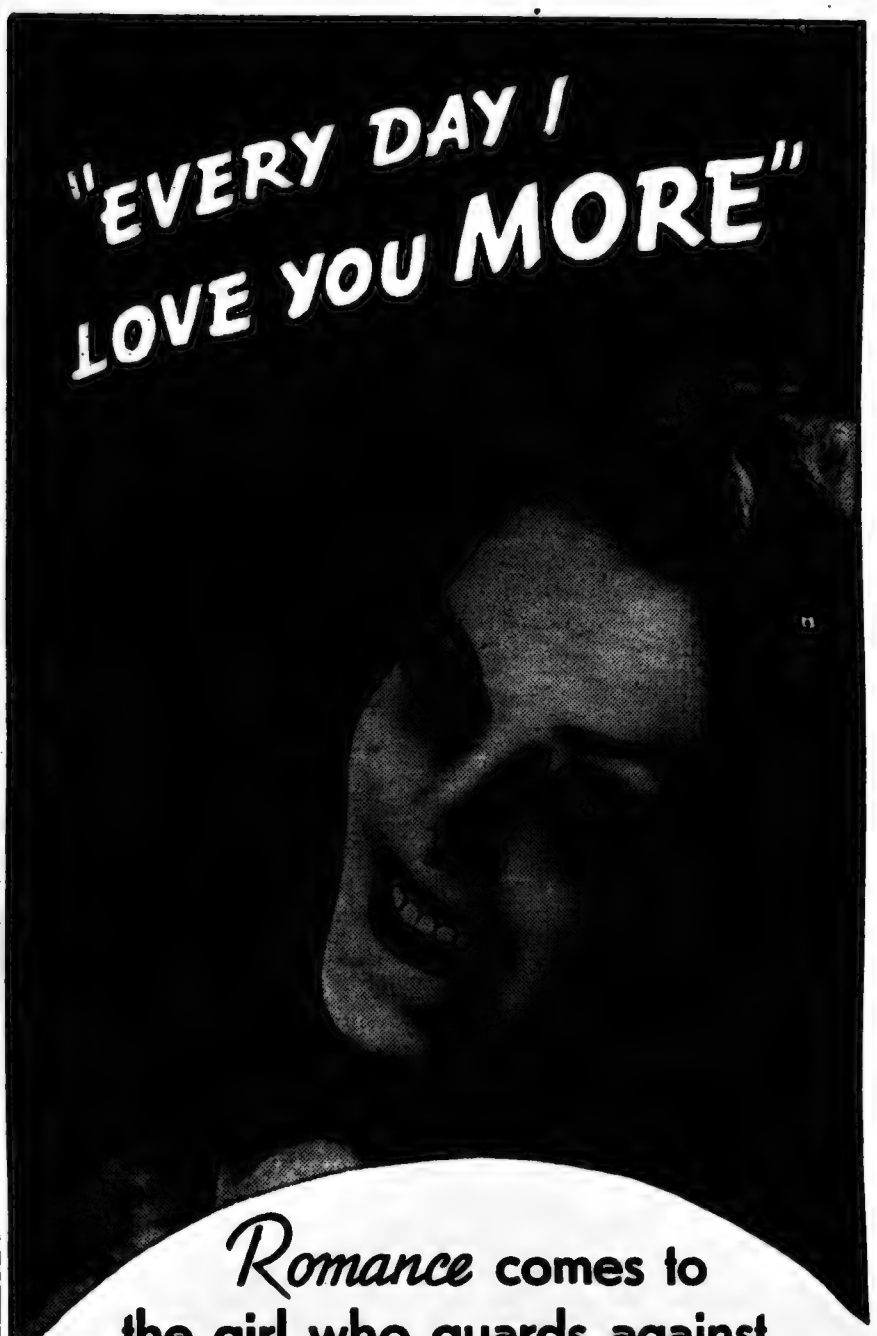

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LIKE SO MANY GIRLS I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT THANKS TO LUX TOILET SOAP I'LL NEVER HAVE COSMETIC SKIN

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I found my hair was falling out so fast that my friends were all noticing it. I am now on my third bottle and cannot find the words to tell you how pleased I am, as my hair is strong and healthy again.

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Use Kolynos, the toothpaste that will make your smile remembered for charm. Kolynos cleans quickly and effectively because of its proved antiseptic and germicidal properties. Use only half-an-inch, preferably on a DRY brush. Get a tube today. 1/9, 1/- & 6d.
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Not from the B.B.C.

This Thing Called Love

Science says that love is a chemical reaction!

Love is that and love is this,
Poets told in verses frantic:
Joy intense, exquisite bliss,
Something splendid and romantic.

Then Science to dissect it came,
Measured, weighed it to a fraction,
And was able to proclaim:
Love's a chemical reaction!

THERE are misguided members of both sexes who, having swapped kisses with girl or boy friends and studied the methods of Mr. R. Taylor and Mrs. Dietrich, think they know all about love.

But any psychiatrist worthy of the mysterious name could tell them that they don't know the first thing about this widespread ailment.

Doubtless there are ignoramuses who are not even aware that "The attraction of a woman for a man is an adjustment of physiological necessities peculiar to each of the individuals concerned."

Did you know this? I bet you didn't!

And if you ask what justification I have for making such a provocative announcement at a time of international tension, my reply is that I have it on the authority of Mr. A. Guirdham.

It was in a lecture to the Chartered Society of Massage and Medical Gymnastics that Mr. Guirdham (described, my dears, as a psychiatrist) spoke his little piece, which he subsequently simplified by declaring roundly: "Love is a chemical disturbance."

This, I own, is a new one on me.

Love sometimes seems a pain in the neck and sometimes—when manifested by one of those winsome crooning boys—a severe sore throat.

But to pigeonhole it as a "chemical disturbance" suggests that what happens when Romeo meets Juliet is not essentially different from what happens when blue and white packets of seidlitz powder become acquainted with one another.

However, it is as well to know these things, so that we won't take too seriously the chemical disturbance that results from, say, glimpsing the ankle of a glamorous policewoman.

When the alkalies and acids in
your giddy duodenum
(I am trying to be simple in a scientific way)
Are resolved on disagreement and
a war breaks out between 'em,
And strange chemical secretions
seem all eager for the fray,
You perhaps may need a surgeon
with a knife and rubber glove,
But it's more than rather likely
that your trouble's merely
LOVE! Y. Z.

LOTTERY *Ticket*

(Continued from page 26)

"It was when I went off it, on to seven and eleven, and sometimes double zero, that I lost. I don't know why I went off. I lost my head. Nine's my number. Fifteen thousand and nine—I saw it in golden letters!"

Nothing would shake him. We gave him wine, listened to his plans, yawned, escorted him home.

The next few weeks were very trying to us all.

Peter was always producing from his pockets lists of the things he would do when he received his immense fortune.

HE did no work, but buttonholed everybody who allowed himself to be caught, and gave his ideas upon the theory of luck and numbers.

I swear he talked to the dogs, who wagged their tails at his assurances of protection.

He saw nines everywhere. He enlarged upon the thrills of the roulette-table, and then dismissed them as small tremors, promising himself really big winnings in future at baccarat.

He chose the site of his new home and studio, and discussed the price of it with the thrifty owner.

In search of impossibly early news about the lottery, he peered hopefully at all the newspapers he could find—and French newspapers are not easy to read—until I thought his eyes would pop out of his head.

Well, I suppose time passes even in eternity; and at length the day for the drawings approached.

It used to take a long time then for Paris journals to reach the South, and we were dependent for news upon local sheets from one or other of the bigger towns upon the Mediterranean coast.

I never saw these, myself; but Peter clutched them as a mother might clutch her child from under the bonnet of a squealing car, took one fevered look for the fact he awaited, and flung them aside.

And then, one morning, we heard him shout. He dashed in, holding a newspaper. I have never seen anybody so mad with excitement.

"My God!" he shouted. "It is! You doubters! I've won! Of course, I know you fellows never believed; but I had faith in my star.

"I knew that with all those signs I *couldn't* be wrong. Fifteen thousand and nine! Magic! Now, the next thing is to *get* the money. Where do I go?"

CURIOUSLY enough, none of us had ever considered this point. Where *did* one go to collect a fortune?

But Peter's shouts had been heard.

In a trice the street was filled with an enthusiastic crowd. Money! Good fortune! A marvel!

I do not know which of the men it was who suggested it; but somebody certainly called out "Crédit Foncier."

This led to a minor huzza from us all; for there was a branch office of this famous bank in the town, and no better place to get money in quantity could be imagined.

And so the procession began. Charles and I would have stayed behind, but Peter would have none of it.

In a high-pitched voice he cried that we were his friends, his great friends, his only friends.

He said this to the crowd, which murmured concurrence. One lady went so far as to embrace Charles (who was a very good-looking fellow) in order to show that Peter's friends were great fellows.

"Now I'm rich," Peter shouted, "I'm going to show that I'm *their* friend. Watch me!"

And with that, walking between us, and taking an arm in each of his, he led the procession.

In vain did Charles and I wriggle and protest.

Peter's hard fingers were glued to our arms. We were helpless.

And as we went, we attracted others. Children came running, oldsters hobbled, and the plump, thoughtful, pinafored, hatless women of the town joined the clattering throng.

DOGS barked. A few of the children sang.

The noise of shuffling feet was that of a multitude. It was all very gay, and rather terrible; for the laughter and shouting excited Peter still further, and he wanted to wave his arms and stroke his beard and hold Charles and myself all at the same time.

He could not do it. So he shouted as loudly as the others, always "Nine, nine, nine, nine, nine! My lucky number. My magic number! Now I'm rich!"

Impeded as we were by boys who ran before us and dogs which hunted among our moving feet, we went slowly enough; and the pace was too slow for Peter.

He was in a fever. His impulse was to run.

"I say, run, you chaps!" he screamed, starting off.

We did our clumsy best to run as a trio. But Peter could not wait.

He shook us off and darted ahead, with us behind him and the whole cavalcade thundering in the rear.

Dust flew. Nobody cared. There was merry laughter everywhere. And then we reached the bank.

Peter impetuously entered and went straight to the grille. He stammered. He shouted, still in that new high-pitched voice:

"Monsieur. I have won the lottery prize. I wish to draw my money instantly. Here. It is two hundred and fifty thousand francs. The number. . . . Here is my ticket. The paper——"

I remember the clerk quite clearly. He was a smallish, alpaca-jacketed man with black hair and a small black moustache and a very neat pair of thin lips.

He wore gold-rimmed pince-nez, which made his eyes look as if they protruded slightly. He was grave and courteous. A little puzzled.

"Monsieur?"

Peter thrust into his hands the lottery ticket and the newspaper announcing the winning number.

By this time some of the crowd had tiptoed inside the bank; but the majority had waited outside.

Only Charles and I were at Peter's side; and perhaps we were the only ones who heard the clerk's voice.

He took the ticket and the paper, and examined them. He removed his glasses. He called a colleague.

They exchanged a word, while Peter, white as a sheet, clung to the ledge of the grille. Then the clerk turned to him. He raised his shoulders. He dropped his voice.

"Ah, but, monsieur; there is a little error. Your ticket is of the number fifteen thousand and nine. The winning number is fifteen thousand."

PETER stared. He was handed a magnifying-glass, which trembled in his hand like a fan. He stared again.

I think I heard him sob.

Then, with a groan, he flung down glass and paper, turned, and forced his way to the door.

The bewildered men and women in his path, pressed together, exchanged glances and cries of dismay. The crowd outside, who did not know the truth, began to cheer him.

There was a wild scramble; Charles and I were separated from Peter.

Somehow I fell over a dog, and was winded, and Charles was hurled into a doorway by a burly fellow upon whose foot he had trodden.

When we could extricate ourselves, Peter had disappeared. Saint Jacques never again saw him.

NEXT WEEK'S "Strangest Experience"—last of this fascinating series—will be told by Commander A. B. Campbell, the popular broadcaster, whose breezy yarns of adventure on the high seas and in odd corners of the world have delighted thousands of listeners.

BEER IS BEST

The sun has warmed the barley fields
Into a golden hue
And now the crop its goodness yields
In health—for me and you.

In stubble fields where now upon
The harvest moon shines clear
Another summer's come and gone
To give us more good beer!

STICK TO BEER

NEW Columbia Record Player

TURN YOUR RADIO SET INTO A RADIOGRAM for only 1/6 A WEEK

A.C. ONLY

AMAZING OFFER TO ALL RADIO USERS

This magnificent new all-electric Columbia Record Player in your home for only 5/- down and 26 weekly payments of 1/6 (cash price 39/6). Never before has there been such an amazing offer! It enables you to play any record (10" or 12") *electrically*, without winding and with radio volume and perfection. Absolutely complete. Just plug into usual pick-up sockets. Handsome walnut finish. You will wonder how you ever managed without it! Hear it to-day at your dealer's. Or post the coupon for full details.

POST THIS COUPON

To the Columbia Graphophone Co. Ltd., 98 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Please send me more details about the amazing Columbia Record Player for which I pay only 1/6 a week.

Name .....

Address ..... J.B.

(Post in unsealed envelope using ½d. stamp.)

and start with these great record hits

GRACE MOORE in "One Night of Love" One Night of Love (from the film); *and* Ciribiribin **DB1891 (3s.)**

BING CROSBY Love in Bloom; *and* Please **DB1892 (3s.)**

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Lists from Columbia 98 Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1 (Prices not valid in Eire.)

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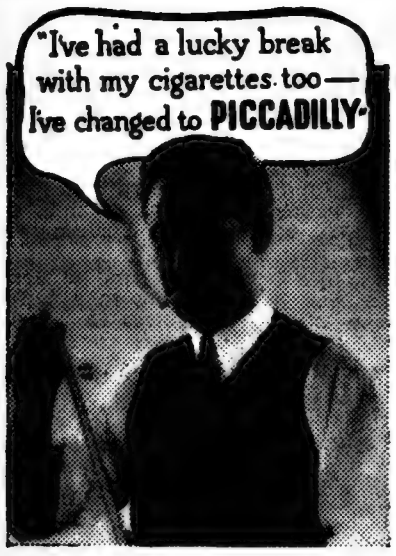

"Film Favourites" Picture Cards in all packets

10 for 4d 15 for 6d

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150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

PJ217

PARTICULAR PEOPLE PICC A PICCADILLY

Humanist's Page . . .

LIFE would be twice as happy for a great many of us if only a surgeon could remove bad temper as easily as he removes an appendix.

I get scores of letters from readers whose marriages have been ruined by bad temper.

They live in continual fear, have to endure inhuman cruelties.

Even when there is no "row" in progress there is that sense of living on the edge of a volcano. Peace of mind is impossible.

In a few sentences here is the gist of a very long story told by a woman reader:—

"After one week of married life I have been living in a hell created by my husband's uncontrollable temper.

"During our courting days he managed to conceal it, as I only saw him at week-ends.

"Before my baby was born he often struck me, or took me by the shoulders and shook me.

"During these rages he is possessed of terrible strength, and I had the marks for days afterwards. . . .

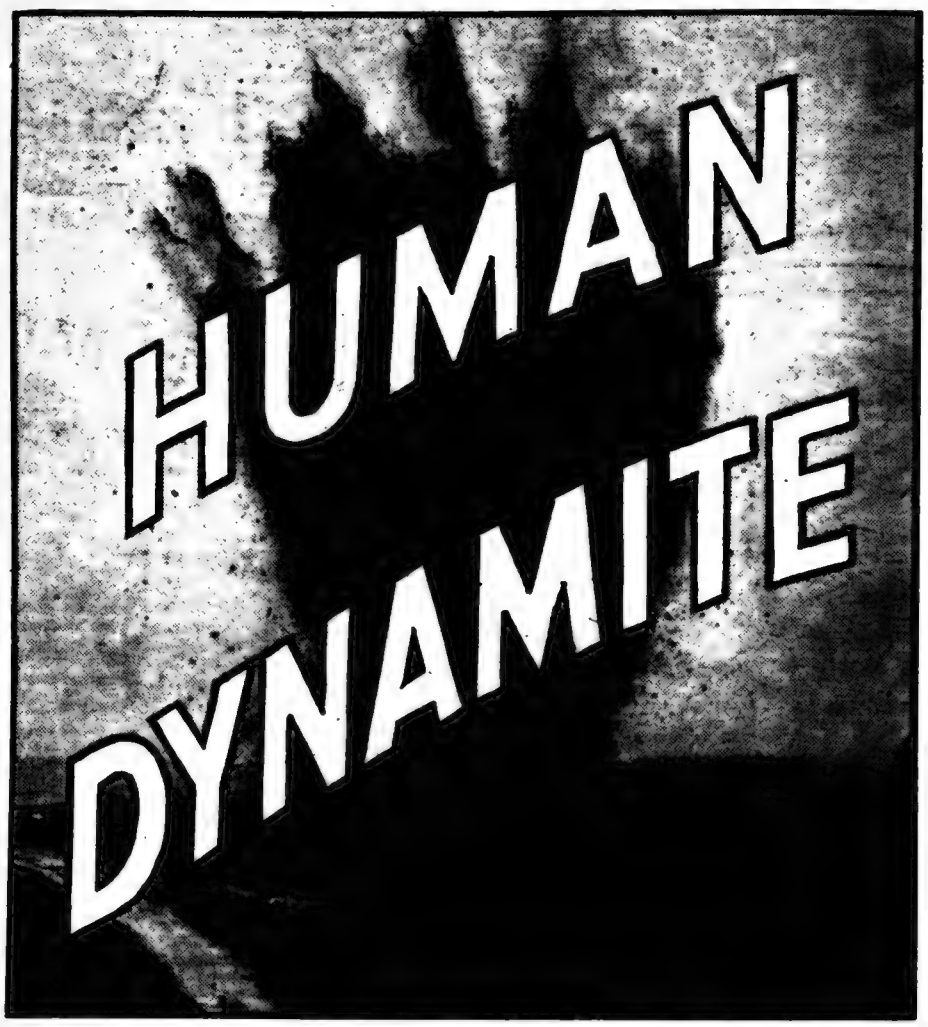
"AS soon as our baby boy, who is just a year old, utters a cry, my husband flies into a rage, shouts at the child and then picks him up and thrashes him.

"I tried to stop him once, but he was in such a state of blind fury that after knocking me about he tried to throttle me.

"I go in everlasting fear.

"I am frightened to say anything. Consequently, all my feelings are so bottled up inside that I feel sometimes that my brain is giving way.

"I am now expecting another child. I am in a state of collapse."



A man who thrashes a twelve-month-old baby and uses violence on an expectant mother, has all the makings of a homicidal maniac.

He is not fit to be trusted with a wife and children. He ought to be restrained by law.

Many women would have charged him with assault and battery, and reported him to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

I certainly think the wife would be justified in leaving him for ever.

If the facts could be proved there would be no difficulty in obtaining a legal separation.

But I have had quite a number of letters from badly treated wives who have packed their bags and disappeared, taking their children with them.

It is true that they received no money from their husbands, but they had to escape to save themselves from going mad.

No change could possibly be for the worse.

NOW, another letter from a woman who has endured seventeen years with a husband whose temper is like dynamite.

"We had a lovely home and three children," she writes.

"My husband had a good job. We ought to have been very happy.

"But he had a vile temper and used to strike me in front of the children.

"My life has been unbearable, yet I stayed with him for the sake of the kiddies.

"Three months ago he struck me and broke one of my ribs, so I decided I would stay no longer.

"I took the kiddies to my sister, not telling her what had happened because she was so afraid of my husband.

"I told her I was just going down the street, but I came straight to London and found a job.

"I haven't heard a word from home. I wouldn't go back to live with my husband for anything in the world, but my heart is breaking for the children.

"I dare not ask for a separation as he threatens to kill me. I dare not let any one know my address or he might find out and come and make my life hell. . . ."

And then comes this surprising sidelight on human nature:—

"I know he thinks the world of me, but it's his vile temper that spoils it all."

He thinks the world of me! Can one believe that?

Strange as it may seem, I can, and I do.

The woman knows her man, and she realises that the frightful temper is not the real man himself, but a demon that possesses him.

He may think the world of her—and yet strike her savagely enough to break a rib. But, if he cannot control that devil inside him, I advise the wife to keep out of his sight.

The children are better off with her sister than living in a home filled with violence and evil passion. That sort of life is not fit for man, woman, or beast.

STILL, the male is not the only guilty party. I have received a letter from a man of forty who has been married twenty years, and he writes:—

"I can truthfully say that I have never had one hour of real happiness in the whole time. I earned good money, but my wife was never satisfied. I had no home comforts.

"I have not been allowed to burn the light at night to read—she would go to bed at 6 o'clock to save electricity. She is a real miser.

"A few years ago I started business on my own, but things got no better. She continued to lead me a terrible life with her everlasting temper.

"Then she was caught stealing from a shop; though she did not want for anything. It nearly broke my heart, yet I got nothing but abuse.

"I have tried every way, but she will never be satisfied, and I can never see any hope of happiness."

THE truth is that we are not reasonable beings, and in a case like this it is useless to argue. The man is "up against" primitive instincts and passions.

He might have solved his problem years ago by running away and starting life afresh. Many a man would have done so without the slightest qualm.

But a problem is not solved by running away from it, and it is not so easy starting afresh when you are forty.

I advise this man to make a strong stand for his rights.

WHEN a woman orders her husband to go to bed at 6 o'clock to save gas or electric light, there are only two sensible things for him to do.

He can fly into a temper and indignantly refuse.

Or he can roar with laughter and still refuse.

If he obeys an order which is so ridiculous, he will get neither pity nor sympathy from me.

Let him say quietly and firmly: "My dear, if you want to go to bed at 6 o'clock by all means go.

"I intend coming up at 10.30. Not a minute earlier. Perhaps a bit later.

"But before you go up, will you lay some supper for me, please? Thank you. Good night."

The woman will probably think ten times as much of him for refusing to knuckle under.

She will rave, no doubt, but it will be a turning point in matrimonial history.

Are You Worried?

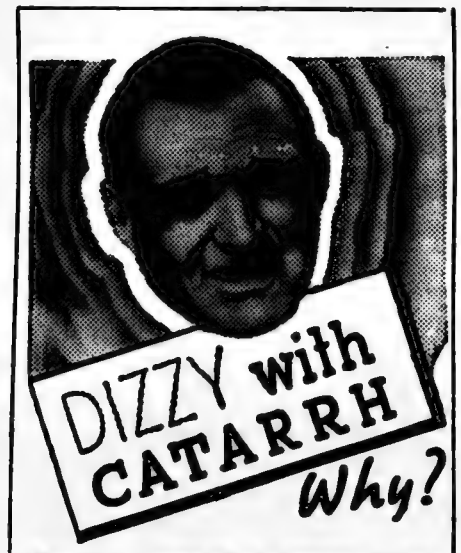
Then let Humanist help you to solve your problem. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Fill Up Here

T	R		M

One more letter is wanted in the vacant space above to complete a word aptly answering the Clue, "You should have the right fare if getting in this."

Get it? Then off you go to page 36. Find common-sense Answers to all the Clues for this week's fascinating JOHN BULL *Crossword, post your entry by Wednesday, October 5, and your reward may be a grand success in this week's big Pension, Cash and Radio Offer closing Thursday, October 6.*



Why allow yourself to become "absolutely dizzy with catarrh"—you have then reached the danger-point. Many a dangerous illness has resulted from a neglected "simple cold."

It's dangerous to neglect CATARRH . . . it is spelling for trouble later . . . deafness, head noises, loss of smell—and worse.

End this continuous Catarrh with Potter's Catarrh Pastilles. They instantly melt the phlegm, clear head and throat, and act as a powerful antiseptic (vital when travelling in trains, tubes, trams, 'buses or where infection is present).

Buy a handy 1/3d. tin at any chemist, stores, or herbalists or 1/4½d. post free from makers.

POTTER & CLARKE LTD. Artillery Lane, London, E.1 (Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure)

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

P.7

BABY DAYS

THE LITTLE RED BOOK MAKES THEM SAFE

Such wonderful days—baby days! Don't let them be spoilt by worrying fretfulness, by the little ailments that take the sunshine from baby's smile and cause mother so much anxiety.

There is a little book which is so helpful to mothers, guiding them over baby's ailments and telling what to do while awaiting the doctor if there should be an accident or serious illness.

It is our little red book, "Hints to Mothers"—famous all over the world. Small enough to tuck into baby's basket and arranged alphabetically for easy reference.

Steedman's Powders are the finest aperient for little ones from teething time to fourteen years. Safe and gentle, they induce a healthy regularity and keep the blood-stream clean and cool.

Look for the EE on the wrapper to be sure you get the genuine Steedman's obtainable everywhere at three-halfpence each.

And write for a free copy of "Hints to Mothers," post free from John Steedman & Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

Good shaving!

Try Parke-Davis; it's soft on your skin, but hard on your beard; it gives you good shaving! Send for a seven-day free sample to Dept. 226/77, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1.

PARKE DAVIS Shaving Cream

Security Corner by A FRIEND

HIDDEN PERIL of the RIVER

IT was a warm day and Mr. D. E. Lawton, of 9, Queen's Drive, Watchhouse Lane, Doncaster, decided to have a bathe in the River Ouse at Cardington.

A friend joined him and soon the two men were enjoying the cool water. Unaware of the nearness of deadly currents where two streams met, Mr. Lawton swam on. Suddenly, people on the bank were horrified to see him go under without a sound. They shouted to Mr. Lawton's friend, but, in an instant, he too was dragged under.

Quickly the scene was changed to one of intense activity as desperate but unavailing attempts were made to rescue the two men, but, despite every effort to save them, they were drowned.

"JOHN BULL'S" £100 CHEQUE FOR WIDOW.

As Mr. Lawton was a registered reader of "John Bull" a cheque for £100—the benefit provided under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift for Fatal Bathing accidents—has been promptly paid to his widow.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

In addition to providing numerous other benefits, "John Bull" is still the only paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.

£886 PAID LAST WEEK.

During the past week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £886 2s. to registered readers or their dependants.

If you have not yet registered for this unique Security Gift, do so to-day. Use the Forms below now. As one who has seen so many tragedies caused through hidden dangers, let me urge you to act at once for the sake of those who depend upon you.

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

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Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 1/10/38.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.....

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Date.....

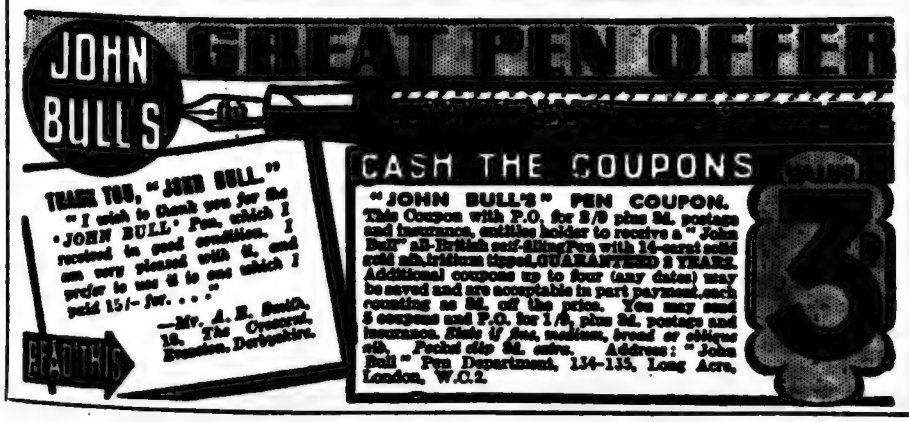
Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 1/10/38.

Free Leaflet

ON LAWN-MAKING

EVERYWHERE lawns are patchy; weeds have made headway; brown, and even bare, patches of turf are to be seen. There is no better time than now to renovate your lawn. Richard Sudell, F.R.H.S., Editor of GARDENING, the new-style gardening magazine, has prepared a special eight-page leaflet to help "John Bull" readers put their lawns in order this autumn. It explains fully the secrets of making a successful lawn either from seed or turf, how to repair existing lawns and keep them in perfect condition. Twelve diagrams show in detail how to level uneven ground, arrange proper drainage, lay and repair turf, distribute seed evenly and do many other jobs which will ensure success.

Write for your copy to-day, enclosing a 1½d. stamp to cover postage. Address: Richard Sudell, F.R.H.S., "John Bull," Dept. G.L., 67, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. (Pref.).


JOHN BULL'S
GREAT PEN OFFER
CASH THE COUPONS
"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON.
3
THANK YOU, "JOHN BULL"
"I wish to thank you for the 'JOHN BULL' Pen, which I received in good condition. I am very pleased with it, and prefer to use it to one which I paid 15/- for. . . ."
—Mr. A. E. Smith, 18, The Crescent, Brunton, Derbyshire.
READ THIS

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CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON. This Coupon with P.O. for 5/6 plus 9d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" 5B-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/6, plus 2d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 2d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Four Square Heap Good Tobacco!

Chief Smoking Cloud like Four Square. He smoke pipe for long moons, but Four Square no make bad medicine in mouth. White man say that Four Square him pure tobacco — no artificial flavouring. Smoking Cloud no understand white man's words, but keep plenty Four Square in wigwam. Him wise paleface that carry Four Square in medicine bag. Four Square heap good tobacco!

FOUR SQUARE

IN 1-OZ. 2-OZ. & 4-OZ. VACUUM TINS

EMPIRE DE LUXE BLENDS		ORIGINAL BLENDS	
Mixture (Green Squares)	10½d. oz.	Mixture—Original (Blue Squares)	1/2½d. oz.
Curlies (Purple Squares)	10½d. oz.	Mixture—Medium-Light (Blue Squares)	1/2½d. oz.
Cut Cake (Yellow Squares)	11d. oz.	Matured Virginia—Original (Red Squares)	1/3d. oz.
Ripe Brown (Brown Squares)	11d. oz.	Matured Virginia—Ready Rubbed (Red Squares)	1/3d. oz.

All blends are Medium Strength and are sold in tins only

FOUR SQUARE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Standard Size:— ... 20 FOR 1/-. Large Size:— ... 20 FOR 1/2d.
Guaranteed to be made from 100% genuine Virginia Leaf.

GEORGE DOBIE & SON, LTD. (*Manufacturers of Quality Tobaccos since* 1809), PAISLEY, SCOTLAND
Basil Butler

CROSSWORD No. 127

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

ON page 36 is presented the 127th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors.

This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, October 20, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in "JOHN BULL'S" free weekly Crossword Gazette, obtainable by enclosing with your entry the Reservation coupon on page 36. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

Just a minute, please . . .

—You will find something of interest on page 33 which contains a unique offer!

One Night in Cairo . .

● I threw the ash-tray straight in the face o the leader. It caught him full in the mouth and broke some teeth

LITTLE Josef Leibnitz was a cheerful rogue.

Although five years' imprisonment stretched before him, he could still sing in his cell.

That was why I liked him.

Every time I walked down the corridor he would stick his face against the bars and give me some humorous greeting.

Very soon we became quite good friends—despite the difference in our positions.

For at that time I was in charge of the European jail in Cairo, and Little Josef was my newest prisoner.

His crimes were typical of the man. Deplorable though they were, each had a comic touch, the touch of a natural clown.

He would break into luxury villas, the owners of which were abroad, make duplicate keys, and then let them furnished to tourists.

When the owners returned and found strangers settled in their homes, there were amazing scenes.

Little Josef got no end of fun concocting ridiculous, imaginative versions of what had happened.

He was never at a loss for a wise-crack or a joke.

Once I had to get some information from him to clear up one of the muddles he had created, and, instead of sending for him, I went to his cell.

Unlocking the door, I looked in, and said, "Come on, Josef, I'm going to let you out for half an hour."

"Thanks," he replied, "I'll do the same for you some time."

Just a little incident, one of a hundred jokes that Little Josef made during the time he was my prisoner.

But I'll never forget it. For years later Little Josef kept his promise.

Although he didn't let me out of jail, he did help me to escape from the tightest corner I have ever been in, and I owe him my life.

It happened like this.

From my job at the jail I was transferred to the post of Chief Passport Control Officer at Port Said.

RUSSELL PASHA was then waging his fiercest campaign against the drug traffic, and the town was a nest of smugglers.

One day a friend of mine, who was a ship's officer, told me he had been approached by a Greek syndicate to help them in their dirty trade.

I telephoned the Narcotics Bureau and, on their advice, he played up to the gang, with the result that the leaders were caught and given heavy sentences.

As far as we were concerned that ended the matter.

But the gang had spun its web throughout the Near East, and vengeance was sworn. The penalty for a double-cross was death.

OF course, I heard whispers about the threats that had been made against my friend's life, but they were so vague that I laughed at them.

Then one night, although it was strictly against regulations, I slipped up to Cairo for a spree.

Midnight found me in a cabaret.

At the next table a beautiful young Roumanian girl was sitting with a middle-aged man.

More than once she smiled at me, and, when the gaiety reached fever pitch, threw a paper streamer at my table.

A few minutes later he beckoned me to their table.

They were both charming. We drank some champagne, and I invited the girl to dance.

"You're lovely," I said, "please tell me your name."

"Olga," she replied. "I'm staying here with my uncle, who is with us now. You like me?"

"Of course I do!"

"Then we will leave here at once, and you must come to our villa for a drink."

Naturally I accepted, and we taxied to a beautiful house on the banks of the Nile.

AS we entered, Olga made an excuse to return to the taxi for her handbag. It was the last I saw of her!

I was ushered into a large room, and then four men, their faces masked by black veils, filed in.

Before I could move they seized my arms and took the revolver I always carried in my hip-pocket. Then they stepped back.

Olga's uncle, who had kept me covered with an automatic, chuckled quietly.

"Now, Major Lemin," he said, "let's get down to business. Our organisation trades in drugs. We have agents everywhere and we pay well.

"Our quarrel is not with you, but with your friend. When you helped to place certain of our agents in jail, you did only your duty.

"But your friend took our money and then betrayed us. The penalty for such betrayal, Major Lemin, is death.

"Tell us where he is and you can go."

"Tell you where he is so that you can murder him! What do you think I am? Besides, I don't know!"

"That, Major Lemin, is a lie. You see, we have been tapping your mail, and we know that a few days ago you received a letter from him posted in Marseilles.

"Unfortunately, we cannot locate him there."

"You'll get nothing out of me!"

"Major Lemin, there are ways of making even you talk.

"In the next room is a syringe containing enough drug to put you to sleep.

"You'll wake in one of those native dens down by the river, and the authorities will be told that one of their chief officers has been debauching himself."

Frankly, I was scared. Such an exposure would ruin me. No one would believe my melodramatic explanation, true though it was.

I had to escape, and it was now or never.

Seizing a metal ash-tray, I hurled it straight in the face of Olga's uncle.

The four veiled men sprang forward.

I managed to put one out of action with a savage kick but the others dragged me down.

Then, "Police! Police!" The shouts came from the next room. There was a crash of glass.

Panic-stricken, my captors released me and fled. I rushed to the door.

BUT there were no police in sight—only a diminutive man with a grin all over his face.

Little Josef! My cheerful rogue!

"Quick, this way," he cried, and led me through the garden.

"So you're still at your old game, Josef," I said, when the excitement had died down.

"Yes, Major," he admitted. "I broke in before it all happened, and couldn't escape. My only chance was to call 'Police!'"

Suddenly his face grew serious. "Major," he said. "You, er . . . you won't mention to anyone that I'm still in er . . . er . . . business, will you?"

"Josef," I said, "just now I'm thanking heaven that you never reformed."

"Greatest of These"

MR. W. ELLIOTT of West Hartlepool, lost both legs in the war.

He has a wife and three children, of whom Ronny is the youngest, dependent on him, and his sole income is £2 a week disability pension.

With a helpless husband to look after, it is impossible for Mrs. Elliott to earn anything, and the family are in need of shoes, clothing, and better food.

Readers can help the Elliotts by sending donations earmarked "Ronny." They should be addressed to the Honorary Secretary, War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Reader's Story by Major Stanley Lemin

198, Gloucester Terrace, London, W.2

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write today for the Graves Display of latest Fashions showing the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at the keenest prices, on the fairest of Easy Terms.

Glendale

Beautifully Tailored Stroller Coat designed in the newest fashion in a very reliable heavy Prince Tweed of neat chevron weave with fancy coloured check on the reverse side. Smartly cut collar, welted pockets and front trimmed with machine stitching, and sleeves have overlaid seams & novel cuffs. There is also an overlaid centre seam at the back which terminates in a stylish vent at the hem. The seams are well bound, & body and sleeves are lined with toning Art. Silk. Shades of Brown/Lovat, Lido/Black, Heather Mixture, and Green/Wine. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S., (Busts 32 to 38ins.) Length: 42ins. Price 22 6

Terms: 2/6 monthly.

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Write for full range of cloth Patterns of Newest Models. Coats Costumes, Frocks, Underwear, &c., in latest styles. Ask for patterns of any garment required, with self-measurement Form & full particulars. Sent per return. Post Free. Styles and Patterns are also available of Young Ladies', Misses' and Girls' Fashions, and we offer excellent value in Footwear, Furs, Matrons Clothing, etc.

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J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

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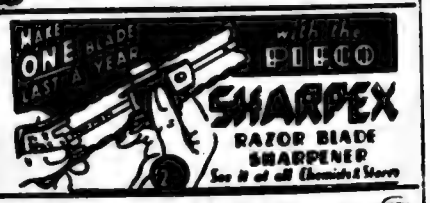

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'Nuff Said'

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As amazing discovery of Science. Dissolves away superfluous hair completely in 3 minutes—leaves skin soft and smooth as velvet. No ugly stubble like the razor leaves—no coarse regrowth. Simply spread on this dainty sweet-smelling cream—wash off with plain water—the hair is gone. This priceless discovery is sold everywhere under the trademark Neet 'VEET.' So quick, clean and easy to use. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with Neet 'VEET.' At all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores. 6d. and 1/3.

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MANY people suffer needlessly from ailments which can be rectified quite easily. Scores of thousands owe their health, strength and freedom from pain to Shadforth remedies, each of which is guaranteed for purity and quality and is backed by the personal knowledge, skill and experience of Mr. William Shadforth who holds the highest possible pharmaceutical honours and has probably dispensed more medicines than any man living. Whatever your ailment, there is a Shadforth remedy which will help you along the road to health. Start taking Shadforth remedies to-day. You can get them direct by post. Turn your back on illness and get back good health and happiness by accepting what is, undoubtedly, one of the most outstanding offers! In my 55 years' experience as a dispenser of the world's best prescriptions, I have never heard of such a unique and generous offer as I am now making to you and the other readers of "John Bull." It includes the following

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.....

To Mr. Wm. Shadforth, Ph.C., M.P.S.,
SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD.
63, Grove Road, Bow, London, E.3.
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.....

.....

For which I enclose the sum of

.....

Name .....

Address .....

1/10/38 .....

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2 TRIAL SIZE PACKAGE FREE

THUS: You order the trial size (*by post, using the attached coupon*) of any prescription (trial size) mentioned below. You send cash. In return the package is sent to you POST FREE and at the same time a second package of the same prescription is sent with it. *This is your FREE TRIAL PACKAGE.* If, after testing, you are not satisfied, you simply send back the unopened package and your money is returned. The trial size is the smallest size listed. If you are satisfied, naturally you keep the package you have paid for and thus receive two *for the price of one.* Accept this generous offer now. Hurry. Act at once.

You are not confined to one variety. You may order two or three or as many varieties as you wish—a trial size of each on the same generous terms. Don't delay. Get fit now under this unique offer. Note :—This offer only applies to the trial sizes. Other sizes must be paid for in full.

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CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE.

PERIODICAL bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000).** Prices **9d.** (36), **1/3** (100), **3/-** (300 pills).

Booklet (J.B. 222), post free.

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Smooths Out the Problems of Middle Life.

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 2657—the Critical Time Tonic.** In boxes at **1/-** (25), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144).

Booklet (No. J.B. 345), post free.

WHY COUGH ALL NIGHT?

WHEN YOU CAN OBTAIN PROMPT RELIEF AND COMFORT WITH THE "SHADFORTH" BRAND CHEST AND LUNG TONIC?

One of the latest products of the Shadforth Laboratories, prescribed for common Winter coughs, colds, and chest troubles in adults when asthma and bronchitis are absent.

Gives quick relief and comfort, promotes restful nights; good for aged patients. When mixed with sugar and water as directed makes the World's Best Chest and Lung Tonic. **Shadforth Prescription No. 617.**

Price **1/6** (makes 1 pint), **3/-** (makes 2 pints). **Use this soothing, warming Lung Tonic and stop that Cough!**

The Shadforth Booklet on "How to Cure a Cough" (No. J.B.203), post free.

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HEADACHE—SCIATICA—NEURITIS.

All Nerve Pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadspro" Compound,** the new pain-killer **(No. 253).** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices **9d.** (10), **1/3** (25), **2/-** (50), **3/6** (100 tablets).

In exceptionally painful cases use a **Neuritis Cachet (No. 622A).** Prices **3/-** (6), and **5/6** (12).

The Shadforth Booklet on "Neuritis" (No. J.B. 236) post free.

SKIN DISEASES

(1) **Antiseptic (No. 1469),** in tablet form to make bath. Price **1/-, 1/6** and **2/6.**
(2) **Psoriasis Ointment (No. 830).** A stimulating antiseptic. Price **1/6** and **4/-.**
(3) Wash regularly until better with **Birch Tar Soap (No. 630).** Price **1/-.**
(4) Take Potassium internally for a few weeks in the form of **"Vi-Salts"** (the new potassium table salt). **Prescription No. 1250.** Price **9d.** and **1/2.**

Special Booklet on Psoriasis (No. J.B. 227) post free on request.

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Prescription That Always Gives Relief.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or over strung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices: **1/-** (25), **1/6** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops that falling-to-pieces feeling.

The Shadforth Booklet on Heart Troubles (No. J.B.320), post free.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Why these Disturbed Nights?

KIDNEY and Bladder troubles can be relieved. Quickly, Surely. Until you have tried **"Shadforters"** you may be enduring endless suffering from misery—mental as well as physical. There is not an ingredient in them that can do you the slightest harm. Cooling, cleansing, healing **"Shadforters"** have been the successful remedy for Cystitis, Prostatitis, Gravel, Gall Stones, Scalding and Associated Liver, Kidney, Uric Acid and Bladder troubles and disturbed nights. Try them to-night. Prices: **1/4** (25), **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100), **13/-** (300).

Mr. Shadforth's valuable book (J.B. 326), on Bladder and Kidney Troubles, post free.

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WITHOUT INDIGESTION, ACIDITY, GASTRITIS

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness After Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1677. POPULARLY KNOWN AS "WHITE LIONS." Dispensed after the successful formula used in hospitals and clinics by prominent physicians, they give prompt relief and comfort. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement, clean tongue, moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished, long, sad, face replaced by such broad sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Prices: **9d.** (24), **1/4** (72), **2/6** (144), **7/-** (432 Lions), with Directions.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION

Special Book on Indigestion Cures, and on Treating of Digestive Troubles (J.B. 314), post free.

PILES

Quick Relief without Operation

This Tonic Laxative prescription quickly relieves and soothes Piles, Constipation, Sluggish Liver and Atonic Dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. Why endure the misery of Piles any longer? **Ask for Shadforth Pile Pills (No. 394).** Prices: **9d.** (12), **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144).

Booklet (J.B.325), dealing with Piles, post free.

ECZEMA

For dry, wet or scaly eczema, an approved remedy is found in **Eczema Ointment (No. 1369).** It is also excellent for Dandruff or Scurf. Prices **9d.**, **1/-** and **1/9.**

Special New Formula for Vesicular Eczema **(No. 782B).** Price **2/6.**

Booklet on Eczema Treatment (No. J.B. 272) post free on request.

COLD IN THE NOSE

CATARRHAL INFECTIONS AND CONGESTIONS.

An effective nasal antiseptic of the ephedrine class is now provided in "Shadrinol." It is packed with a pipette for placing drops in the nose and with a spray for applying to the back of the mouth and throat. It quickly relieves Nasal Catarrh, Head Colds, Coryza, Hay Fever, Hoarseness, Laryngitis (occasionally Bronchitis and Asthma) and general catarrhal congestions of the mucous membranes of nose and throat.

Complete with directions. Price **1/3** (including pipette), and **2/6** (including pipette and atomizer).

Prescription No. **1463XL.**

The Shadforth Booklet (No. J.B. 349) on this subject is supplied post free.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH

KEPT CLEAN

with Shadforth Special Tooth Powder, prepared specially for that purpose. Recommended by Dental Specialists. (Prescription No. **994**), at **1/-.**

The Shadforth Booklet relating to the subject (J.B. 276) post free.

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all day long when you sprinkle on Shadforth's Dental Plate Powder (Prescription No. **994A**) —they fit snugly—comfortably—they cannot slip. Prescribed by world's leading dentists. Price: **1/-** and **2/6** per box.

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HERE is the Shadforth known, admitted and approved remedy for blood troubles. It eliminates rheumatic tendencies and soothes painful parts. It heals ulcers, sores, boils, eczema, and skin disfigurements. It renews the blood, and blood is life. Ask for **Shadforth Blood Purifying Tablets (No. 1282).** Prices: **2/6, 4/6,** and **13/-.**

COMPLEXION TROUBLES

depend firstly on the blood beneath them, and only secondly on cream and powder. The best remedy for muddy or sallow complexions, acne or blackheads, boils, redness of skin and some forms of eczema, pimples and even carbuncles, is dispensed in dainty tablets as **Shadforth Prescription No. 642 (Skin Tonic Tablets).** They cleanse the blood. Try them for a couple of weeks and note, with satisfaction, the great improvement in your complexion. Don't cover up faults—cleanse them from within.

Prices: **1/-** (36), **1/9** (72), **3/3** (144).

The best soap to use while taking the tablets is Shadforth's Anti-Blackhead (Milk of Sulphur) Soap. Prescription No. 1064. Price **1/3.**

The Shadforth Book on Skin and Complexion Troubles (No. J.B. 322) post free on request.

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(Prescription 888K)

A Spoonful a Day Keeps the Doctor Away. The best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it **first thing every morning.** Tasteless with your Tea.

For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.

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The prescriptions published on this page are not intended to usurp the function and rightful position of the registered medical practitioner.

Pools Parliament

Conducted by "POOLEX," JOHN BULL's Famous Expert

This is your page—say what you like, ask what you want to know about your winter hobby. If a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to JOHN BULL, Pools Parliament, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

X-RAY THE EXPERTS

I'VE been keeping track of the successes and failures of a particular expert—largely because I have been so interested in your remarks about the degree of accuracy of these people.

My figures bear out all you have said. In fact, they are so instructive that I hope you'll give them:

	Forecasts.	No. Right.	Percentage Right.
Division I ..	367	178	48
Division II .	373	209	56
Division III (Southern)	371	207	56
Division III (Northern)	371	196	53
Scottish I ..	315	170	54
	1,797	960	53

It shows how much harder it is to predict in some divisions than in others.

But I can put the figures in another way to show how hard it is even for an expert to forecast aways or draws:

Forecasts.	No. Right.	Percentage Right.
1,412 Homes ..	830	59
156 Aways ..	62	40
229 Draws ..	68	30
1,797 ..	960	53

—S. R. R., Dorking, Surrey (who receives half a guinea for his interesting research).

Thanks, S. R. R. Punters ought to find food for thought in those figures. You illustrate a point I have often stressed.

Even experts find Division I games the hardest to forecast.

Yet most punters include a big proportion of these games in their selections for the nothing-barred pools.

I know they do this, because every time Division I "certs" come unstuck, dividends go up considerably. When the choice is wide, why not leave the fickle "big guns" alone?

Seven Bankers

I notice in Pools Parliament that J. T. and his syndicate propose to use 243 lines to cover five matches completely, plus seven bankers in the 12-results pool.

Wouldn't they do better to use the nine lines you gave recently, guaranteeing three right out of four, continuing this with a full permutation of three other matches?

This takes only 243 lines, but makes sure of six or seven correct and leaves only five bankers.—A. C., Harwich.

It depends. J.T.'s method will give ten correct if any five of his bankers turn up. With your method, ten correct results are ensured if any four bankers are correct. Which is easier—four bankers out of five or five out of seven?

Penny Pools

Here is a method for a 12-match penny pool:

First of all, choose four bankers. Then divide the other eight matches into two groups:

Group A for those matches which you think will be home wins or draws. Forecast 1—x.

Group B for the games in which an away win or draw is expected. Forecast x—2.

Each of these groups can be marked in 16 lines to ensure that there will be a correct line unless any result goes right against the two-way forecast chosen. Of course, this does not guarantee that the correct lines in each group will coincide with each other, but there is a good chance of this happening.—G. S., Birmingham (who receives half a guinea for this idea).

I like this idea, because it means straightforward forecasting, plus a simple permutation. But here's an improvement:

Suppose, after you have chosen four bankers, you make two-way forecasts for each of the other eight games, not only 1—x or 2—x, but consider 1—2 if you think a draw is unlikely.

Then the 16 lines given below will make sure of six correct out of the eight two-way forecasts, provided that the actual result is included in the two alternative forecasts in each case. In this table the two alternatives are shown as "a" and "b."

a b a b a b a b a b a b a b
a b b a a b b a a b b a b b a
a b b a a b b a a b b a a b b a
b a a b b a a b b a a b b a a b
b b b b b b b a a a a a a a a
a a a a b b b b b b b a a a a
a a a a b b b b b b b a a a a
b b b b a a a a a a a a b b b b

"Numbers" Racket

You don't buy dividends by my system for 3 draws. Just take numbers 4, 7 and 12 from the points pool each week and mark these three on the 3-draws pool.—S. N., Hull.

Here is my pet system for 4 aways: This year I back the numbers 1, 9, 3 and 8 on the coupon and stick to those numbers only.—"Gambler," Southampton.

You two should get together! If you are so afraid to back your own judgment in some honest-to-goodness forecasting, why not give up the whole thing? If ever you *do* happen to win a dividend by these silly methods, it will be sheer luck!

One Slip is Fatal

Here's my system for the 5-results pool. I enter three lines (1s. on each), taking 4 home bankers, and marking a fifth match 1, x and 2 in the three columns.

I know I can only win on one of my lines, but, remember, I've only got four games to forecast. And I've had some nice wins. Do you think it could be improved?—H. W., Nelson.

True, you are only forecasting four games, but you cannot afford a single mistake, can you? In six lines (6d. a line, so as not to increase your stake) you could allow yourself one error and still have a winning line by forecasting six matches and then grouping your forecasts (F) in fives, as follows:

F	F	F	F	F	—
F	F	F	F	—	F
F	F	F	—	F	F
F	F	—	F	F	F
F	—	F	F	F	F
—	F	F	F	F	F

Wrong Lines

I have been keeping records of the winning lines in all the big 12-results pools (the only ones I enter) for the last two seasons, making about 500 lines.

I find that very rarely do the same lines occur more than once. In fact, there is only one instance of this happening.

I want to leave out of my entry any lines that have already been winners. Do you think I am on the wrong track?—J. R., North Shields.

Undoubtedly you are. It is not surprising, out of 531,441 possible variations, that the 500 lines you have recorded are rarely repeated. But you must not take this to mean that any line which has been a winner once is particularly unlikely to occur again. The chances against any particular line turning up *are not changed at all* by the fact that it has occurred before.

Small investors should refer to the *Sporting Life Weekly* on Saturday for special penny entries designed by "Poolex." This is one of the many features included in the *Weekly's* comprehensive pools service.

Graded Guide by "Poolex" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, October 1, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

Points in Favour of Home Teams.

84 Stockport v. Lincoln	49 Tottenham v. Norwich	19 Aldershot v. Northampton
78 Queen of S. v. Third Lan.	48 Crystal P. v. Clapton O.	16 Halifax v. Barrow
77 Everton v. Liverpool	43 Aston V. v. Portsmouth	15 Oldham v. Chester
76 Rangers v. Hibernian	41 Gateshead v. York	14 Sunderland v. Arsenal
75 Aberdeen v. Falkirk	39 Grimsby v. Brentford	12 Burnley v. Luton
59 Clyde v. Arbroath	38 Bolton v. Middlesbrough	10 Queen's P.R. v. Mansfield
58 Barnsley v. Bradford C.	36 Hearts v. St. Mirren	9 Hartlepools v. Rochdale
55 Hamilton v. St. J'nstone	35 Chelsea v. Stoke	8 Leith v. Dundee
54 Wolves v. Huddersfield	34 Exeter v. Bournemouth	4 Crewe v. Southport
53 Dundee U. v. King's Park	33 Queen's Park v. Ayr	3 Preston N.E. v. Man. Utd.
52 Morton v. Montrose	32 Leeds v. Leicester	2 Bristol C. v. Newport
51 Sheffield U. v. Plymouth	23 Southend v. Walsall	1 Kilmarnock v. Partick
50 Derby v. Blackpool	22 Charlton v. Birmingham	

Points in Favour of Away Teams.

Swansea v. Bury	1	Notts C. v. Reading	17	Bradford v. Sheffield W.	38
Millwall v. Blackburn	2	Edinburgh v. St. Bernards	18	Brechin v. E. Fife	43
Coventry v. Newcastle	3	Cardiff v. Brighton	19	Port Vale v. Swindon	53
Raith R. v. Motherwell	4	E. Sterling v. Airdrie	20	Stenhouse. v. Cowdenbeath	57
Tranmere v. Notts F.	6	Chesterfield v. West Ham	26	Albion R. v. Celtic	58
Watford v. Torquay	8	Carlisle v. Doncaster	27	Southampton v. W.B.A.	64
Darlington v. Rotherham	9	Dunfermline v. Dumbarton	28	Accrington v. Hull	68
Ipswich v. Bristol R.	13	Manchester C. v. Fulham	35	Forfar v. Alloa	81
Wrexham v. N. Brighton	14				

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You want a sound way of making extra money. We offer you an Agency for the FAMOUS "CITY" PRIVATE CHRISTMAS Cards. GLORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL SAMPLE BOOK supplied FREE. Splendid COMMISSION and PRIZES. An agreeable and profitable job without any outlay. Apply now.
THE PRIVATE XMAS CARD MFG. CO. (Dept 5), St. Simon Street, MANCHESTER, 2.

"I DREAMT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS."
the star of last year's Royal Academy, is one of the many exclusive features of the world-famed "Snowball" Christmas Card new productions. The "Snowball" always offers the public something different. Apply now for this amazing book. You will be thrilled by its 32 pages of Calendars and Cards Etchings Bookmarks, diaries and cut-out novelties. Our packet cards, too, are a revelation in values. Enrol now. Everything free.—M.F.A. Assn. Ltd. (Dept. A., Ribble Bank Mills, Preston.

10/- IN EVERY £ COM.
Agents wanted. Novelty Private Greeting Cards and Calendars of distinction. Make big money. No experience, either sex. Full instructions — The Sunshine Publishing Co., Dept. 1, 8, Bayer Street, London, E.C.1.

"BETEM" spare-time Agents wanted. Those in regular work (men or women) are invited to apply for Agency in Household Linens, Bedding, etc., on easy payment terms of 1s. weekly; Liberal Commission; samples supplied.—BURTON (Textiles), Ltd., 383, Queen Street, MANCHESTER, 2.

EMPLOYMENT.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.
EXPERT instructors will teach you a skilled trade in the R.A.F. Men of good education are now required for enlistment and training as WIRELESS OPERATORS, ARMOURERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS and INSTRUMENT REPAIRERS. Age limits 17½-25. Write or call:—R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Victory House, Kingsway, London W.C.2, or any R.A.F. Recruiting Depot.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 12s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 327), 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

AIR FORCE.—Young men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc.; our postal Courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.32, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE. Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult. For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 861), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

BECOME A SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICER. Excellent pay and prospects, with pension. No exp. required. For FREE details of openings, etc.—Apply, Chambers College (Dept 819), 338, High Holborn, W.C.1.

ENGINEERS, now is your chance to dig yourselves into a Key Position and make your future solid. It needs Technical Training; we can give you that by post. Full particulars free.—Dept. D.32, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

A GREAT Guide to Careers—FREE. The School's 180-p. Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly-paid administrative position in Commerce, Industry, Accountancy, Secretaryship, and the Public Services. — Write today.—THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY, 368, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES.—Both sexes—aged 16 to 23; no experience.—For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply B.T.I. (Dept. 831), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

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RATE: 18s. per line of approximately six words. Minimum charge 36s.

REPORTERS and Journalists are wanted all over the world. No apprenticeship. Our postal course is sufficient.—Dept. J.32, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

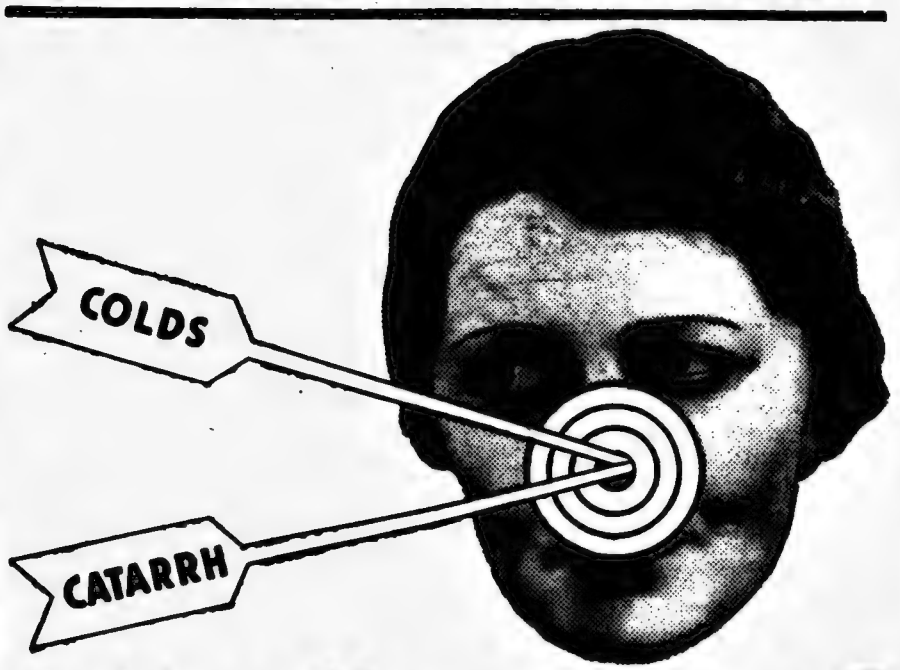
CUSTOMS AND EXCISE OFFICERS.—Start £3 8s. weekly, rising to £575 p.a., with pension. Fine outdoor occupation. No experience required. Details of openings for young men under 21 from C.C. (Dept. 59), 339, High Holborn, WC1.

CIVIL SERVICE.—Thousands of pensionable appointments made every year; ages 15-24. Our tuition fees from £4 4s. No extra charge for monthly payments. Full particulars free.—Dept. C.32, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1938 (FREE). Contains information on pay, prospects and entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO & MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY, there are lots of vacancies. Our Postal Courses will make you eligible; advice on all careers free.—Dept. T.32, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

SHEET METAL WORKERS wanted everywhere. Now is your chance to get into a Key Position. Our Postal Courses will make you efficient. Particulars free.—Dept. S.32, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.



Is Your Nose a Target?

Are you a victim of Catarrh? Is your Nose irritated? Is it choked with germ-laden mucus? Do you get constant Head Colds? Does your throat get thick with phlegm? Are you losing your senses of taste, smell, hearing? Are insidious Catarrh poisons getting the better of you?

CATARRH

CAUSES CONSTANTLY RECURRING COLDS
LEADS TO SERIOUS CHEST COMPLAINTS
DULLS THE BRAIN
POISONS THE BLOOD STREAM
CREATES DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES

You can smash Catarrh in a few days. You can wake up To-morrow feeling 100% better than to-day!

'Mentholatum' enables you to STOP Catarrh where it starts. Clear your NOSE —and keep it clear—with 'Mentholatum.' This amazing breathable balm—when applied into the nostrils—volatilises instantly. Its super-active antiseptic vapours disperse choking mucus, rid your nose of germs, subdue inflammation, stop infection and open up stuffed breathing passages. 'Mentholatum' Brand Balm stays where it is put and keeps active for hours. There is nothing like it. It stops Head Colds overnight and even Chronic Catarrh yields to it! Of All Chemists at 6d. & 1/3. Get some to-day.

6 MENTHOLATUM BRAND BALM
D. and 1/3 all chemists—Stops The Attack or Money Back

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The 1938 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance Exams. for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the police. Study at home in your spare time. Special courses for Entrance and Promotion. Full particulars or advice about other careers. Commercial, Technical or Civil Service, FREE. Dept. A.32, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

DRAUGHTSMEN. Numerous vacancies available in Electrical, Mechanical, Structural and other Branches of Engineering. Building, G.P.O., etc., for men age 17-40 Exp. unnecessary if willing to learn Details of openings, salaries, etc., FREE from N.I.E. (Dept. 367), Staple Inn Buildings, London, W.C.1.

MEN who can handle tools "Wood or Metal" wanted as TEACHERS OF HANDICRAFTS in the Boys' Day Schools. Our Correspondence Course will fit you for an appointment. Advice on all Careers FREE.—Dept. E.32, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

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PRINTING.—Billheads from 3/6 1,000; other lines cheap. Samples free with leaflets, "Business Helps."—Cretoway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

PRINTING.—Cards, Memos, B'heads, 200 2/6, 1,000 8/9. Handbills, Scentcards, Laundry Tags, Stamps.—Tice's, 11, Oaklands Grove, Ldn., W.12.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 82, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WALLPAPER SALE. Bargain Pattern Books Post Free. Britain's Best Value.—J. B. Bruce & Hall, Frederick St., South Shields.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills. 250 Patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 8, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

GREAT SALE of Men's Three Zip Pullovers. Bargain Prices. See advert. for Essential Supplies on page 3.

LONDON Busmen's Suits in Navy Serge. Withstand hardest wear and all weathers. Perfect fit. No braiding. Offered for 12/6 by Whitefield, Reid & Co. See page 3.

FINE Stylish Ladies' Cardigans, beautifully figured art. silk, specially reduced from 7/11 to 4/11 to *John Bull* readers. See announcement by Mitchell, Southport, page 3.

STOCKINGS.—Pure silk and guaranteed 30 days for 3/6 a pair. Read all about this amazing offer by Leicester House, Ltd., on page 3.

LATEST Radio News. Fill in the coupon on page 16 for full details of the new Bush button tuning all-wave superhet.

GARDENING.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED!! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., now available made from genuine Western Red Cedar, the everlasting wood which defies rot, will not warp, crack or shrink and has a beautiful appearance. Prices are as low as 27s. 6d. and all models are available on easy terms from 2/- down FREE DELIVERY ALL SIZES. Send at once for FREE Illustrated Catalogue to: R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd., 20, Paddock Wood, Kent.

THE NEW-STYLE GARDENING MAGAZINE "GARDENING" SCORES AGAIN! 100-page October number is packed with practical information on autumn-flowering shrubs, border pinks and other old favourites, hydrangeas, climbers for walls and fences; plant protection, fruit gardens, greenhouse cultivation, cold frames, etc. Specially interesting diagrams showing work to be done now, and also a money-saving garden layout. 24 ARTICLES and FEATURES and 70 ILLUSTRATIONS On sale everywhere OCTOBER 1, sixpence.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (539 W.), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

COLDS and Influenza successfully treated by Cephos, prescription of Eminent Physician. Safe and certain. Does not affect heart. Powder or Tablet form. Send p.c. for FREE Sample.—CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

WORMS CURED. — Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details. Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

STOMACH TROUBLES, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, relieved by herbal science. Norths Herbis Stomach Powder has definitely conquered Indigestion. Do not dread meal times. Send for this remedy now. Prices 1/3 and 3/- (plus 3d. and 3d. post). Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh. Norths Kanadian Pyne Pills remove mucus and allow healing to take place. Relieves difficult breathing. A wonderful remedy. Price 1/3 and 3/-, plus 1½d. and 2d. postage. Obtainable from Norths Dispensaries (Dept. 4), 18, Whitehouses, Mytholmroyd, Yorkshire.

NERVE SUFFERERS!—Put your dreads and pains behind you. Be freed from nerve troubles —simply and safely—by Nature's own remedies. Write for a special FREE booklet that will be of real help to you—called "Those Troublesome Nerves."
HEATH & HEATHER, LTD. (N13A), HERB SPECIALISTS, ST ALBANS.

A FREE Sample of URACE brand tablets for rheumatism sufferers is offered in ad. on p. 28.

ONE of the most outstanding offers ever made. Turn to the Shadforth Prescription announcement on page 33.

HEALTHY legs for all! Don't let leg troubles cripple you. Send for free sample and booklet. See Back Cover.

FREE.—A sample of Bole's Gin Pills for Kidney Trouble, Backache, etc.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 31/33a, Banner St., London, E.C.1. See p. 24.

FREE to sufferers from hair troubles! A testing package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap. Fill in the coupon on page 24 and enclose 2d. in stamps.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WRITE FOR PROFIT.
Send for free booklet
Regent Institute (191C), Palace Gate, W.8.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

PULLOVERS.—Wonderful Offer. Buy now for Winter.—Essential Supplies, see page 3.

FOR HARD WEAR and Service, a London Bus Driver's Overcoat cannot be beaten. All sizes can be had for 14/6 from Whitefield, Reid & Co. See page 3.

IF you are going to buy your house, let the Abbey Road, London's largest Building Society, help you. See page 22.

FREE Cash Prizes. £35 in prizes are offered by the proprietors of Diploma Cheese for the best last line to the Limerick on page 25.

STEEDMAN'S Famous Book, "Hints to Mothers," is offered free on page 30.

WRITE, mentioning *John Bull*, to Benbow's Dog Mixture Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1, for free particulars of this famous dog mixture. See p. 26.

ACCEPT this free offer. Sample tube of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream will be sent to all readers who write to Dept. 22d/77, Euthymol, 50, Beak St., London, W.1. Write for free trial now. See page 20.

THE need for a carefully planned career was never greater than it is to-day. Free advice and particulars are offered in the Bennett College announcement on page 16. If you give this your attention now, it may make a wonderful difference to your future. Fill in the coupon and post at once.

TURN to page 29 and fill in the coupon in the Columbia advertisement for details of the amazing new Columbia Record Player, which can be obtained on weekly payments of 1/6. This marvellous instrument will convert your Radio into a Radiogram. Send for details at once!

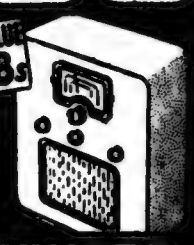
Win 30/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE or £500

£400 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd RUNNERS-UP

Up to 40 ALL-WAVE RADIOS EACH VALUE £8-8s

Cossor, pioneers of radio, supply and fully guarantee these superb superhet Receivers, one of which will be presented with each Xword Runners-up Prize of £2-10s and over.



POST ENTRY ON OR BEFORE WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 5 OR YOU WILL MISS EARLIER NEW CLOSING DATE

BE QUICK for JOHN BULL'S GREAT PENSION and RADIO XWORD—Closing THURS OCT 6

ALREADY 37 entrants in JOHN BULL'S common-sense Crosswords are enjoying the countless benefits of a lifelong prize income—and you can be the next. Think of it—as this week's outright Pension winner, weekly 30s. payments totalling over £1,500 during the next 20 years alone would be your golden harvest from a Crossword entry!

Besides this splendid Pension First and Cash for Runners-up, here is another sound reason for tuning in to the Clues. Every runner-up of £2 10s. and upwards will receive in addition to his or her JOHN BULL cheque a superb £8 8s. "Cossor" Radio, ideal for family listening this winter.

Start on the puzzle now, for Thursday is JOHN BULL'S new Crossword Closing Day. This means you must post on or before Wednesday, October 5, if your entry is to be in time for this great Pension, Cash and Radio Offer.

£1000 AND TRIP IN "QUEEN ELIZABETH" FREE

Each sender of fully completed 8-column "Time-Sava" Entry Sheet this week, accompanied by necessary 2s. entry-fee is entitled to enclose one Bullets coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE, for Giant Offer of £1,000 Cash and "Queen Elizabeth" Trip for Two.

COUPONS ON PAGE 39.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares or two columns submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Thursday, Oct. 6, 1938.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. See "Time-Sava" Form for special conditions governing use.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Tuesday, Oct. 25. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, Oct. 25, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £500 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 31

You may enclose "Bullets" with Crosswords — See "Bullets" page.

CROSSWORD RESULT No. 125.

Result and winning Square of Crossword Competition No. 125 will appear in next week's "John Bull."

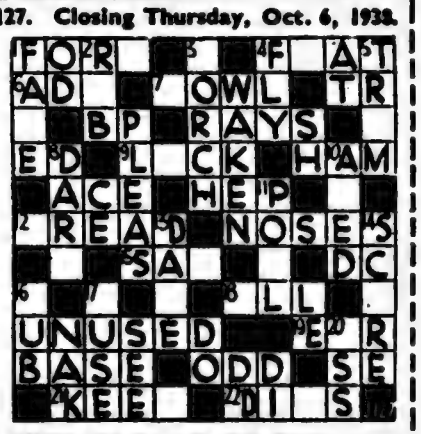
Meanwhile, make the most of this week's big opportunity to win 30/- Weekly for Life or £500.

USE CLUES ON "TIME-SAVA" FORM TO SOLVE PUZZLE BELOW

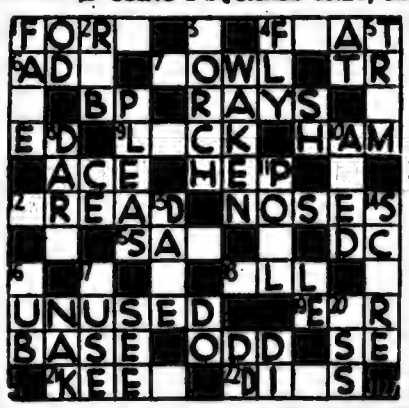
Make entry on Squares or "Time-Sava" Entry Form as preferred.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 127. Closing Thursday, Oct. 6, 1938.



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value..... No.....

With 2 squares send P.O. for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for 1s.

2 SQUARES 6d.
4 SQUARES 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

USE THIS COUPON FOR FREE X-WORD AID

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here	Affix 1½d. Stamp Here

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets Bulletin." Please arrange:—

(a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.

(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply.
(Cross out line which is not applicable.)

Name .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

Improved New Time-Sava Crossword No. 127.

Study these Clues

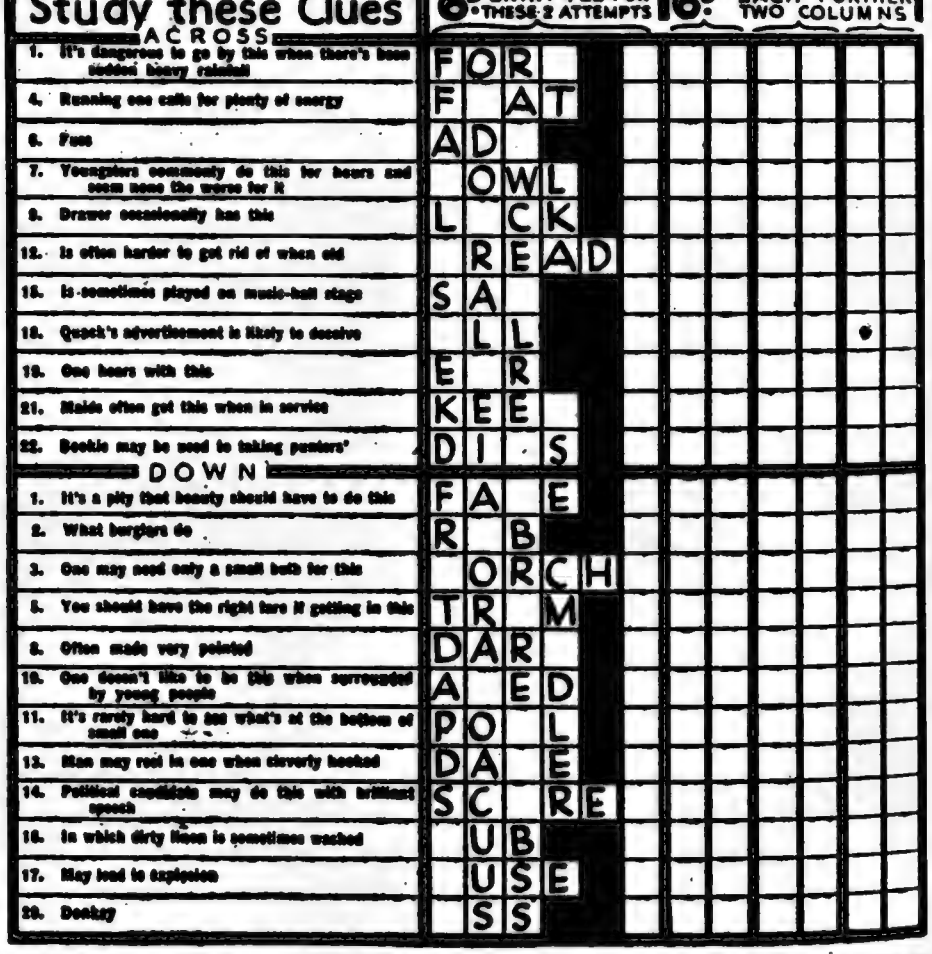
6D ENTRY-FEE FOR THESE 2 ATTEMPTS — 6D EACH FURTHER TWO COLUMNS

ACROSS

1. It's dangerous to go by this when there's been sudden heavy rainfall
4. Running one calls for plenty of energy
6. Foes
7. Youngsters commonly do this for hours and seem none the worse for it
9. Drawer occasionally has this
12. Is often harder to get rid of when old
15. Is sometimes played on music-hall stage
18. Quack's advertisement is likely to deceive
19. One hears with this
21. Maids often get this when in service
22. Bookie may be used to taking punters'

DOWN

1. It's a pity that beauty should have to do this
2. What burglars do
3. One may need only a small bath for this
5. You should have the right lure if getting in this
8. Often made very pointed
10. One doesn't like to be this when surrounded by young people
11. It's rarely hard to see what's at the bottom of small one
13. Man may reel in one when cleverly hooked
14. Political candidate may do this with brilliant speech
16. In which dirty linen is sometimes washed
17. May lead to explosion
20. Donkey



INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE:—First work out Puzzle on ordinary Square with aid of clues. Then indicate first set of Answers by completing in ink a word against each clue in first column above. EVERY LETTER SPACE IN THIS FIRST COLUMN MUST BE COMPLETED OR ENTRY SHEET DISQUALIFIED. In subsequent columns indicate subsequent sets of Answers by marking ON EACH LINE THE ONE LETTER NECESSARY TO COMPLETE WORD AT THIS POINT. Should any letter space be left blank in second and subsequent columns this will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at that point.

I submit this entry for X-word 127 on the understanding that first column and each subsequent column used shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of current X-word Square, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and enclose

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 127, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.) **Note NEW Closing Date—THURSDAY, OCT. 6**

The Editor Laughs Last

ACTOR (Brixton).—"I have known landladies weep when I have vacated their rooms." Couldn't you pay?

L. K. (Leeds).—"What is the best thing to do when you get down in the mouth." Take it out.

S. M. (Clacton).—"There is much beautiful scenery hidden away in rural England." Yes, behind the hoardings.

SERGEANT (Aldershot).—"I'm afraid the good old Army puttee is doomed." You think it's on its last legs?

T. L. (Clevedon).—"After all, what does the average man know about electricity?" That it's too dear.

O. P. (Dorford).—"Women undoubtedly have cleaner minds than men." Well, they change them more often.

R. E. (Halstead).—"Do you tell your wife everything?" Everything we think someone else will tell her first.

Illustrated "Bullets":
Too Venturesome—"Goddess" Driving—I'm Mortal!

R. L. (Ealing).—"The European crisis has meant a lot of extra work for Government officials." No wonder some of them look as if they have been awake all day.

F. B. (Hove).—"Fur coats are of no importance and could easily be done away with." We wonder what some animals think about that.

H. N. (Histon).—"I learned to dance in one evening in my own home." We hit our thumb with the hammer while hanging a picture the other evening, too.

D. M. (Hampstead).—"I maintain that a more suitable place could be found for some of our London statues." Yes, but what a danger to shipping they would be.

BEAUTY EXPERT (Mayfair).—"Regular whistling tends to produce a mouth of fascinating rosebud shape." But not in the case of a football referee.

G. M. (Epping).—"I felt rather hot so I sat down on a nice cool bank." Our bank seemed very cool and sat on us when we mentioned an overdraft.

WINDOW-DRESSER (Rugby).—"There are hundreds of different ways of making coloured paper attractive to women." Such as cutting it into tiny shapes and throwing it over them.

L. D. (Nailsworth).—"When I offered to play in goal for the first time, I saw at once there was something wrong with the way the posts were fixed." They were too far apart?

B. V. (Ryde).—"A motorist has now succeeded in travelling at over 350 miles an hour, but what, after all, does this really prove?" That he must have been in a hurry.

A. C. (Dewsbury).—"I had an awful row with a piano-tuner who said that he had been instructed to call at my house. I had issued no such instruction." Perhaps your next-door neighbour did?

L. D. (Stamford).—"What does the average furniture manufacturer make in a year?" Furniture, of course.

T. P. (Southampton).—"I maintain that a really healthy centenarian lacks nothing." What about parents?

W. R. (Epworth).—"The best place to go to for a cold is the seaside." We are quite capable of getting a beauty without leaving home.

R. V. S. (Loudwater).—"Some of the pictures painted by modern artists should be burnt." Hanging is too good for them.

D. L. (Acton).—"I made up my football coupons on the end of Southend pier, but with no success." You were a long way out.

B. R. (Tamworth).—"I could tell by a gesture he made with his thumb that he didn't think much of my offer." It was turned down?

L. N. (Stockport).—"After listening to my wife grumbling for nearly an hour, I persuaded her to wash up." But not to dry up, apparently.

E. J. (Preston).—"I find that an ice rink is a fine place for a chance meeting with old friends." You never know whom you're going to bump into, as it were.

THESPIAN (London, W.).—"I appeared in my first film recently and have now been to see the picture at a cinema. I assure you, it was a staggering experience to see myself acting." Now you know what critics have to go through.

S. K. (Norbury).—"I'm engaged to a man with two large cars, ten thousand a year, and several houses. But, unfortunately, he's an awful flat." Yes, but a flat with all modern conveniences.

K. T. (Bath).—"How many passengers will the *Queen Elizabeth* carry?" There's room for you and at least 2,200 others. Turn to pages 38 and 39 and win two tickets to New York and back on the maiden voyage, with £1,000 cash for your pocket!

D. B. (Frome).—"Before long, calling up a person by wireless will be just like getting a number on the telephone." We take a much more optimistic view of radio progress.

Mrs. C. (Carlisle).—"It shouldn't be necessary for my husband to take the dog out two or three times every evening." Unless, of course, he happens to be very thirsty.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

"And to think I learned shorthand to be sent on a job like this."
—(From "The Passing Show")

P. L. (Stoke).—"Where are the majority of thatched roofs found?" On the tops of cottages.

S. L. (Luton).—"Brunettes make good wives and good mothers." And sometimes good blondes.

V. P. (Chenies).—"One of the problems of a walking tour is how to take a bath." Well, you might put it on wheels and tow it behind you?

POULTRY EXPERT (Colchester).—"When a hen stops laying suddenly, badly mixed food may be the cause." So may a badly driven car.

TEACHER (Paisley).—"One pupil never does any homework but I pay him out for it." You give him his whack during the day.

R. L. (Hitchin).—"A man can always start a friendship with another man by simply asking if he plays golf." And end one if he happens to be playing as his partner at the time.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

BURTON DAILY MAIL:—"Mr. C. C——, a non-swimmer, got out of his DEATH . . ."

DAILY SKETCH:—"The idea, is to 'slicken up existing acts so that the MINIMUM of entertainment is packed into the least time possible.'"

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"M—— said he had made a cow to follow that course the day before . . ."

KIDDERMINSTER TIMES:—"There was considerable mortality among foxhound PUPPIES last season."

YORKSHIRE GAZETTE:—". . . was dressed in pink crepe, with hat to match, and she MARRIED mauve and blue sweet peas."

THE WESTON MERCURY AND SOMERSETSHIRE HERALD:—". . . and the builders are now engaged in applying the FISHING touches."

HASTINGS EVENING ARGUS:—". . . who stood in the CLOCK of the Court."

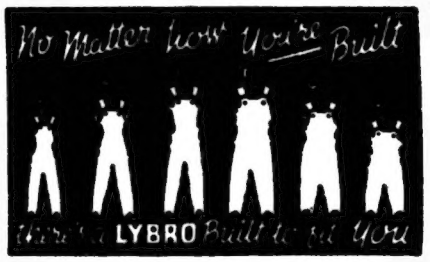
Dad . . . Learns to Push by Maz

Bill Kitchen—Famous Speedway rider in action

JACK KITCHEN
mechanic to his brother Bill the famous Belle Vue Speedway Rider, says, "Efficiency in all matters is essential in racing; that's why we always wear Lybros."

Men like these rely on Lybro OVERALLS

All over the kingdom men are becoming more particular about their overalls. That's why more Lybros than ever are being worn. The name Lybro is in itself a guarantee of long service, for a good quality Lybro outlasts several so-called cheap garments.



When there's a job to be done GET INTO A Lybro

The Overall with the graduated fitting

£35 in Cash Prizes FREE! For Best Last Line to Limerick on Page 25.

THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE offer a first prize of £15 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 25. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday, October 7, 1938. You may send in as many entries as you like provided you comply with the rules. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 12), Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.

For an A.1 notion

ISSEN

RADIO

Receivers · Batteries · Components

MIGHTY QUEEN ELIZABETH OFFER

HISTORIC 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE
TRIP TO NEW YORK FOR TWO
ON MAIDEN VOYAGE OF NEW CUNARDER
YOUR WONDERFUL 'QUEEN ELIZABETH' VOYAGE
Just as a Bullets First Prize-winner and his wife travelled in luxury to New York and back on the Maiden Voyage of R.M.S. "Queen Mary," so will this week's Winner and companion be privileged to sail on the Maiden Voyage of the even greater new "Queen Elizabeth."

Win a GIANT FORTUNE *and* SAIL TO NEW YORK *in the* WORLD'S FINEST LINER!

Start Your 'Bullets' Now!

HELP yourself to an enormous fortune for a few simple words—and celebrate your giant success by travelling in luxury on the maiden voyage of the *Queen Elizabeth*!

Such is JOHN BULL'S thrilling invitation to you in *Bullets* giant 26th Birthday Offer launched to-day, with a monster one-week cash prize-list almost *four times bigger than last week's*. Accept it by entering the best effort of this Leviathan one-week Offer and on Friday, October 21, a Golden Joy Wire will bring JOHN BULL'S congratulations to YOU!

Picture yourself reading that wonderful First Prize news which *must* come to some entrant in this historic Contest: make up your mind to win all the countless joys of the £1,000 fortune and all the unforgettable memories of a millionaire's voyage for two to New York and back, on the maiden voyage of the world's greatest ship, R.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*.

A big batch of greatly increased cheques supports the colossal 2-in-1 First, and note carefully you are presented with a Bonus Voucher on opposite page for enclosure with your entry for *next week's* fine Pension Offer.

This mighty Birthday Opportunity, like the further special Birthday Offers coming, is open for ONE WEEK ONLY. Follow the clear instructions in the next column, start on your *Bullets* now, and win JOHN BULL'S £1,000 and *Queen Elizabeth* Trip First Prize!

Another BIG

PENSION PRIZE

NEXT WEEK!

Hold Privilege Voucher on opposite page for next week's fine Pension Offer—do not miss it!

HOW TO WIN

YOU need no years of experience nor long hours of study to capture *Bullets* Monster Birthday Prize. All JOHN BULL asks of you is the best effort received, simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the selected *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you were considering the *Example*, ONE OF THE BOYS. Your first jotting might be *Until He Fell In Love*. From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, ONE OF THE BOYS—TILL "THE ONE GIRL—"

Remember—you have only a few days to win this mighty £1,000 and *Queen Elizabeth* Trip First Prize, for your entry MUST be posted on or before Saturday, October 8. Somebody *must* win—why not *you*?

POST ★ ENTRY

on coupons from opposite page

BY SAT. OCT. 8

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

BRITAIN'S BALANCE
WHEN THE WORK'S DONE
IF NELSON LIVED TO-DAY
MOTHER REMEMBERS
PAST v. PRESENT
SONNY'S WORLD
THE ELECTIONS ARE COMING, SO
BROTHER FRITZ
HEED THE WARNINGS AND
CAR OF TO-MORROW
GOOD RULE
ONE OF THE BOYS
BROKE UP THE HOME
WORTH A LOT
WITHOUT PAYING
A MILLION OR TWO
HARD TO MANAGE
COLLAPSED
GOOD TO HER
I'M SORRY FOR HENPECK, BUT
NEEDS AN EXPERT
MY VIEW
TO BE CANDID
WOOING PEACE
WHEN DAD WAS LOST
SONNY BELIEVES
WE'D BE IN CLOVER IF
FRUITS OF EDUCATION
FALLEN STAR
KEEPS GRANDPA GOING
ON THE CRIMINAL'S TRACK
EUROPE'S CAULDRON

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1,137

First Prize, £1 Weekly for Life or £250 Cash:

R. G. TELFER, 81, South Croxted Road, Dulwich, S.E.

Example: SHE WEARS THE TROUSERS, SO—
Bullet: "YES, LOVE!"—NO LOVE.

SECOND PRIZE £25:

A. R. HARDY, 72, Westgate, Grantham, Lincs.
Example: If We Keep Calm
Bullet: That "Front" Fortifies World.

THIRD PRIZE £10:

Mrs. C. BROOKS, 137, Tredworth Road, Gloucester.
Example: When The Quarrel's Over
Bullet: Grin And *Bury* It.

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: Mrs. N. SHARMAN, Norfolk House, Outwell, Norfolk.
To Attract The Customers—"Butcher" Mars *Conceals* "Price."

£8: J. B. TAYLOR, "Highgate," New Road, Armitage, Rugeley, Staffs.
Her Escort—"Struck Match"—Auntie Didn't!

£7: J. MURDAY, 33, Winterbourne Road, Thornton Heath.
Dad's Set — Shilling Weekly — Shrilling Nightly!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£6: C. W. HISCOCK, St. Margarets, Norsey Road, Billericay, Essex.
With A Broken Heart—To "Mend," Work's "Solution."

£5: F. HILTON, "The Arcade," High Street, Cheadle, Ches.
To Follow—Learn—To Lead, Follows.

£4: W. BARKER, 60, Manor Road, Enfield, Middx.
Postponed—"Lubrication"—Sideboard Hinge Creaked!

£3: G. LLOYD, 6, Wenlock Terrace, Fulford Road, York.
Cinema Fans - Could Lynch Wrapper "Rustlers"!

10 OF £2 10s. EACH:

J. BAPTIST, 39, Chollerford Avenue, Whitley Bay.
Dad's Set—Bargain—And Bar's Loss!

J. BITHELL, 3, Stirling Street, Wigan.
Referee Neville—Two "Flag *Hinder*.

L. M. LOVELACE, E 22, Du Cane Court, Balham High Road, S.W.
When The Boss Left—"Straight" Ones Stayed Bent.

W. MARTIN, Church Street, Dromore, County Down.
Rising—With Reluctance, *Pub* Parliament.

R. G. PATTERSON, 30, Breck Road, Anfield, Liverpool.
Cramps My Style—Landlord's "New Suit, Smith?"
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

M. PITMAN, 58, Herbert Road, Oldfield Park, Bath.
Show's He's Growing—Cold, *Isn't* Wearing Pullover!

C. W. SKELTON, 11, Butcher Terrace, York.
It Was A Good Idea, But—Guy Fawkes Bungled It!

A. E. STAMPER, 29, Hasfield Road, Liverpool.
To Comfort The Taxpayer—Rebate On Future Taxpayer.

W. F. TAYLOR, 138, Sterndale Road, Perry Beeches, Great Barr, Birmingham.
With A Broken Heart—Sonny, Munching Rejected Sweets!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

N. THOMAS, 98, Whitland Road, Liverpool.
Brighter Evening—Till Grandpa "Floodlit" Past.

Each of the foregoing winners will also receive "Philips" Radio Set value £9 19s. 6d.

A list of 25 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible to compete.

The original cheque for £250 chosen by the First-prize Winner in Competition No. 1,136 will be displayed in the window of Mr. F. C[illegible] 51 Lockwith Road, Cardiff.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,141 usually purchase "John Bull."

CELEBRATES BULLETS 26th. BIRTHDAY!

AND £1,000 CASH

THE WINNER ACCORDING TO SINGLE PRIZE, 10 00 GNS. CASH WILL BE PAID

1141

ONE WEEK ONLY

CLOSING POSTMARK —— SAT. OCTOBER 8

6,269 OTHER PRIZES ALSO MUST BE WON

SECOND PRIZE **£100**

		£25	**£10**
£9.10s.	£9	£8.10s.	£8
£7.10s.	£7	£6.10s.	£6
£5.10s.	£5	£4.10s.	£4
£3.10s.	£3	2 OF £2.10s.	

50 OF £1 200 OF 2/6
6000 GOOD SHOT PRIZES

'BULLETS' 26th BIRTHDAY CAMPAIGN continues next week with another fine

PENSION OPPORTUNITY

Retain this Bonus Voucher for enclosure with your entry next week

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,141) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., Oct. 8. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,141) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., Oct. 8. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,141) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., Oct. 8. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,141) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., Oct. 8. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

ENTRY FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

Save Money on Entries With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.
Make Postal Order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,141 and Crossword No. 127, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

HOLD THIS VOUCHER

FOR ENCLOSURE WITH YOUR ENTRY FOR "BULLETS" No. 1,142 NEXT WEEK

I certify that I entered ..... "Bullets" for 26th Birthday Offer, Competition No. 1,141. Accordingly, I claim the Christmas Turkey Privilege announced in "John Bull" dated October 8.

SIGNED _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,141, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The Remedy That Has Definitely Mastered

CIRCULATORY DISEASES

Wonderful Discovery of Unique Blood Substance Essential to Health!

By Every Post Letters Pour Into Our Offices ——Letters full of Praise and Thanks!

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biochemic remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing.

No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers!*

What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language the Elasto method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health! It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and, to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is *absolutely essential.* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of Elasto Say—

"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured."

"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."

"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."

"Now walk long distances with ease."

"Elasto has cured my bad legs."

"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."

"Thrombosis gone; legs better and less swelling."

"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."

"All signs of phlebitis gone."

"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."

"I am now free from pain."

"No pain or swelling in my legs now. I think it is wonderful after being unable to get about for two years."

"Your wonderful remedy has also cured me of cramp from which I had suffered for years."

"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."

"My heart is quite sound again now."

"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."

"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."

"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."

"Elasto has saved me pounds."

"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."

"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit."

"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."

"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."

"I was confined to my bed with phlebitis, without hope of ever getting out again. My doctor says I owe my life to Elasto."

"Elasto has quite cured my eczema."

"My piles are gone, my legs are better, and I feel fitter in my general health." Etc., Etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of this wonderful new Biochemic remedy, Elasto. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the new Biochemic Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment. Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE ELASTO MAKES. *This offer is too good to be missed!* ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

COUPON ★

FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF ELASTO

ELASTO (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, **The Great Blood Revitaliser,** cures through the blood.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. No. 11038 .....

Elasto will save you pounds!

J.B.L.39 26★

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